

Américas

JULY 1986

Eric Johnston holds up the
MIRRORS OF SOCIETY

**RUGGED
INDIVIDUALISTS**
thrive on the Guajira Peninsula

**THE
COLONEL'S HUACOS**
A Bolivian
builds his own museum

**PUBLICATIONS:
NINTH FLOOR**
No red tape here

**THE CHROME
COVERED WAGON**
A story by William Eastlake

25
cents

*Happy Guajira bride has just
been purchased on the marriage
block (see page 7)*





Américas

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CONTENTS

Page	
2	ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT
3	MIRRORS OF SOCIETY Eric Johnston
7	RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS Carlos Martínez-Cabana
13	A WORD WITH ADHEMAR FERREIRA DA SILVA
14	THE COLONEL'S HUACOS Hazel O'Hara
19	PUBLICATIONS: NINTH FLOOR Geir Campos
22	THE CHROME COVERED WAGON (A short story) William Eastlake
28	CORDOBA VS. NATURE Jorge R. Eguía
32	BALLET THEATER FLIES SOUTH
34	OAS FOTO FLASHES
35	POINTS OF VIEW
38	EMBASSY ROW
39	BOOKS
	A COLLECTIVE HISTORY OF CUBA Manuel Pedro González
	PSEUDO ADVENTURE Clifford Evans, Jr.
	ROSY FUTURE Josefina de Román
43	KNOW YOUR COLONIAL NEIGHBORS? (Part II)
43	GRAPHICS CREDITS
43	LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
	CONTRIBUTORS (Inside Back Cover)

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Carlos Dávila, Secretary General
William Manger, Assistant Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz
Armando S. Pires

Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Alig
Hugo Frenk
Elizabeth B. Kilmer
Benedicta S. Monsen
Betty Wilson

Cover

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Dear Reader

I must thank OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila for the opportunity he has given me to refer to the solid front our twenty-one republics are putting up against international communism in our Hemisphere.

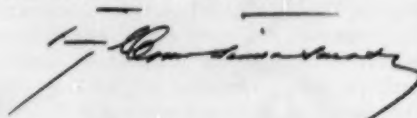
I remember very clearly the debates of the Fourth Meeting of Consultation of Foreign Ministers in Washington, and the memorable discussions at the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas, where I had the honor of presiding over Committee I, on Juridical-Political Matters. The proposal made by U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, on international communist intervention in the American republics, was without doubt the most significant political topic dealt with by Committee I and by the Conference itself. It culminated in one of the most important resolutions ever adopted in all the long history of Pan Americanism. This declared that international communism, by virtue of its antidemocratic nature and its interventionist tendencies, is incompatible with the American idea of freedom. Mr. Dulles had perceptively defined the nature of international communism and the grave danger it poses for the freedom of Columbus' world when he said that "the total constitutes not a theory, not a doctrine, but an aggressive, tough, political force, backed by great resources, and serving the most ruthless empire of modern times."

I returned from the Caracas Conference more than ever convinced of the solidarity of our peoples, based on the friendliest relations and on the interdependence and mutual respect that are genuine American accomplishments.

We who were born in this Hemisphere of peace and hope must make every effort necessary to achieve the most effective cooperation in the realm of modern techniques. Let us have the best and most efficacious interchange in the socio-economic, cultural, and other fields of human activity so that enemies of our republican institutions—yesterday Nazism, today communism—will always find the citizen of America satisfied and happy.

We have already made much progress in getting together on our common interests. The affairs of an individual state have ceased to be within its exclusive jurisdiction. Any catastrophe in the remotest region of the Hemisphere reverberates all over America, just as progress in a sister country inspires pleasure in all of us.

Before a tortured and oppressed world, America stands erect, holding out the brightest promise for the generations that will follow us. This is the inevitable destiny of the New World.



Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa
Ambassador of Nicaragua to the
United States and the OAS

Opposite: Colonial painting of the Virgin, Cuzco School, artist unknown.
From the collection of International Business Machines Corporation

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

IFC PROGRESS

Thirteen Latin American republics gave the proposed new International Finance Corporation a boost on May 25 when, along with Greece, they became the first countries to sign the charter, accepting membership. The IFC, described in this space last month, is designed to encourage and channel international investment in private enterprise. Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, and Peru completed the first group of signers and Ecuador joined them on June 1. In last month's column, incidentally, Uruguay should have been included in the list of Latin American countries eligible for membership. Its holdings of International Bank stock give it the right to subscribe to \$116,000 worth of the new corporation's capital.

TOWARD CENTRAL AMERICAN INTEGRATION

The Central American Economic Cooperation Committee, made up of the Finance Ministers of Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua, held a five-day session in San Salvador in May and came up with a number of suggestions for closer regional economic cooperation and integration. They called for cooperative measures for conservation of forest resources and asked the UN Technical Assistance Administration to make further studies to determine the exact location of a pulp paper industry to be established in the Honduras pine zones. They agreed to set up a subcommittee on statistical coordination and repeated recommendations for use of the standard customs nomenclature throughout the area. Another project approved was establishment of a Central American Institute for Industrial Research and Technology, in Guatemala, to carry on applied research on industrial uses of the region's products and provide consultation services to manufacturers. At the same time, the Central American School for Public Administration, which has been in operation in Costa Rica since 1954, was hailed as the first concrete example of area-wide economic cooperation. A UNESCO-ILO project for creating a Central American Institute for Technical Training will come in for further consideration at a forthcoming meeting of the region's Ministers of Education in Guatemala.

The Finance Ministers paid special tribute to UN technical assistance offices and specialized agencies for their help in forging Central American economic integration. The committee will meet again in Managua, Nicaragua, in November, and the problem of agreements on free trade throughout the area will be taken up then. A subcommittee was asked to prepare a draft multilateral agreement and commodity lists in advance of that session.

With these discussions and projects, the Central American

countries continue to work, in the economic field, toward the kind of unity that has long been dreamed of, in political affairs, by the area's statesmen.

U.S.-LATIN AMERICAN TRADE

Trade summaries for 1954 released by the U.S. Department of Commerce show that U.S. exports to Latin America rose over 1953 figures, while imports from Latin America declined. U.S. shipments to Latin America were up 8 per cent to a value of 3.37 billion dollars while imports from the area sagged 4 per cent to a 3.29 billion level. So the United States had an export surplus of 82 million dollars in contrast with an import surplus of 308 million the year before. The increase in exports reflected heavier shipments, since export prices edged downward. More than half of the shift in the trade balance was due to a sharp cut in the previous abnormally large import balance in trade with Brazil.

The statistics showed that the United States and Latin America continued to be of vital importance to each other as customers and suppliers. As in 1953, the United States was the source of half of Latin America's imports, while Western Europe accounted for 28 per cent. This trade represented 26 per cent of U.S. exports.

The United States was still Latin America's best customer, taking 44 per cent of the area's exports, although this was down noticeably from the 49 per cent figure scored in 1952. Despite the drop in U.S. imports from Latin America, goods from that region accounted for a slightly larger share of total imports than the year before—just over 32 per cent—because U.S. purchases in other parts of the world were down even more sharply.

Automobiles, trucks, tractors, farm machinery, chemicals—especially medicinal preparations—and textiles were the biggest items among U.S. exports to Latin America, with lard, canned milk, and other canned foods also at a high level.

Latin American shipments to the United States continued to feature tropical foodstuffs and industrial raw materials. With higher prices, coffee volume slacked off but dollar value remained almost constant, with Latin America providing 90 per cent of the supply. The area also accounted for 75 per cent of U.S. sugar imports (Hawaiian and Puerto Rican production is classed as domestic) and half of the cacao beans and cocoa. Imports of nonferrous metals, including copper, lead, and tin, continued to fall off, but iron ore, crude petroleum, and fuel oil registered gains in volume and value.

ATOMIC ENERGY AGREEMENTS

On May 31, Brazil and Colombia became the first Latin American countries to initial bilateral agreements with the United States under which they will receive assistance in the development of peaceful uses of atomic energy. Nuclear materials will be leased to them for use in research reactors. The only previous agreement of this sort made by the United States was with Turkey. Under the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 certain procedural steps must be taken by the executive and legislative branches of the U.S. Government before the new agreements can be formally signed and enter into force.



Hollywood stars and technicians at work on outdoor set

mirrors of society

ERIC JOHNSTON

Motion Picture Association president examines movies' international role

THE PRIMARY PURPOSE of a theatrical film is to entertain, a public benefit not to be taken lightly in a world where tension and leisure are mounting at the same time.

Still, the motion picture has an even more significant function that is too often underestimated or overlooked altogether. It serves as one of our most dramatic and effective media of communication, and in these troubled times our very existence may well depend on our ability to understand each other. In this capacity, the motion picture has had an incalculable impact upon our lives, our ideas, and the world we live in.

An era used to last a long time. Generation after generation came and went before a chapter of history was finally brought to a close. If Rome was not built in a day, neither did it decline overnight.

Separate civilizations could flourish simultaneously with little or no contact between them. Their peoples had practically no knowledge of each other, and it took a

trek of Marco Polo proportions to bring home even an account of some distant Cathay.

This situation was not without its blessings, for if international understanding was harder to achieve in days gone by, it was not as essential to security and existence as it is now. Furthermore, misunderstandings were not as likely to arise, for where there is no contact, there can be no friction.

This was the general state of affairs among men of different societies until the revolution of modern communications came along to annihilate time and distance. The motion picture has played a big part in this revolution.

The tempo of our age has been so speeded up that history is now telescoped in the making. In our own lifetime, we have seen nations rise, rule, and be ruined, their leaders hustled off the world stage even before they had had a chance to finish their lines. Nowadays, an era

is lucky to attain old age.

Daily living once followed rather simple patterns of conduct. Now it has grown into a complex of activities and relationships. Understanding of and by other peoples is virtually a prerequisite for survival and, by the same token, misunderstanding is a greater threat to human welfare than ever before.

Diplomats can no longer enjoy the luxury of prolonged negotiation, with the peoples of the world peering over their shoulders and conference after conference flashing by on its way to the past. Judgment is hurried and decision estranged from deliberation as the H-Hour and the D-Day have become the symbols of our times.

It is ironic that a world better educated than it has ever been is increasingly endangered by ignorance. Heat as well as light may now be transmitted to every corner of the earth, and prejudice has a passport to travel anywhere.

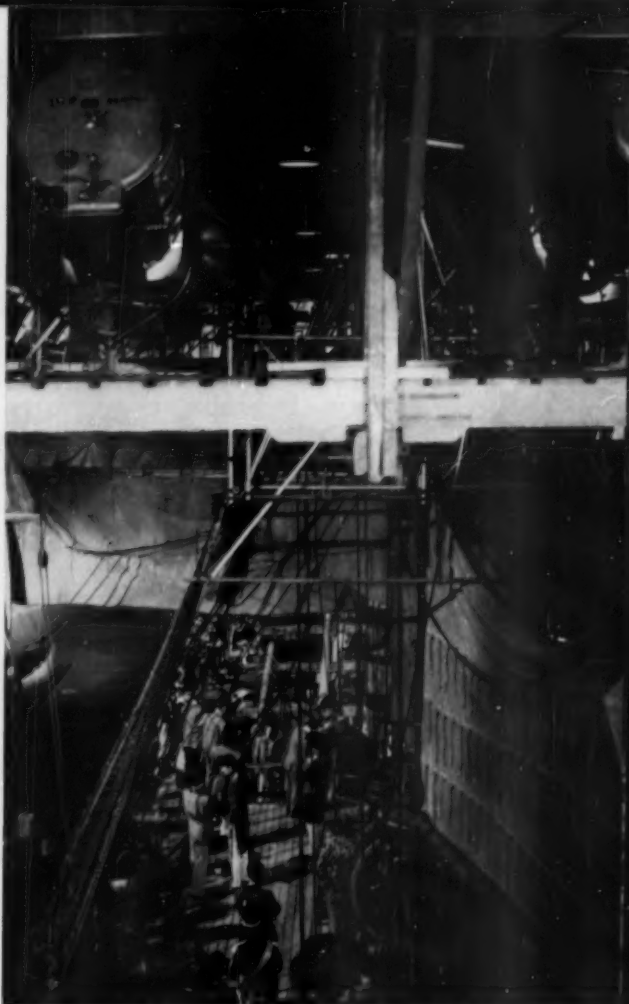
For better or for worse, motion pictures play a key role in this transmission. If the old saying that a picture is worth a thousand words still applies, then it may also be said that a moving picture is a thousand times more moving. Here is much more than meets the eye, for the motion picture appeals to the mind and the heart as well. Whether this appeal furthers the cause of understanding or contributes to friction depends upon the ideals and the motivations of the producers.

In some quarters there is a mistaken assumption that a controlled film industry, used as a tool of the state, furthers the interests of a nation. The fact is that when motion pictures scorn integrity, they lose credibility and the confidence of the public. When that happens, motion pictures are poor communicators.

Also, because super-nationalistic films have little international appeal, they rob the state they are supposed to



Foreign talent also flocks to U.S. film capital. Here Mexican child star Imael Pérez emotes in *Bullfighter and the Lady*



Movie making is international. On British set Hollywood film company shoots scenes for *Captain Horatio Hornblower*

serve of an important tool for winning world understanding.

The leading position of the U.S. film industry can largely be explained by its cosmopolitan nature. Hollywood has become a Mecca for the creative and the artistic from many lands, offering a warm welcome in exchange for skills and backgrounds that are of inestimable value to its film production.

The U.S. film industry owes much of its success to its Latin American contingent. Scores of these stars, technicians, writers, and directors have left their mark on U.S. films, furthering understanding the world over. Among them are Dolores del Río, Ramón Novarro, Leo Carrillo, Lupe Vélez, Gilbert Roland, Arturo de Córdova, Pedro Armendáriz, Anthony Quinn, Ricardo Montalbán, Margo, and Katy Jurado of Mexico; Argentines Hugo Fregonese, Fernando Lamas, and Carlos Thompson; José Ferrer of Puerto Rico; and César Romero, a grandson of the Cuban hero Martí. Practically every other part of the world has likewise helped to give Hollywood international flavor: Great Britain, Europe, the Middle East, Asia, Africa—even Oceania.

As a consequence U.S. motion pictures encompass a broad variety of scenes and settings in other societies.

Here is a random list of films whose themes were inspired by life, culture, and history in South and Central America: *Viva Zapata*, *The Brave Bulls* (both Academy Award winners), *Down Argentine Way*, *That Night in Rio*, *Way of a Gaucho*, *Treasure of the Golden Condor*, *Carnival in Costa Rica*, *Fiesta*, and *Sombrero*.

It was not the primary objective of the producers of motion pictures such as these to make propaganda. Yet who will say that these pictures have failed to give the world some favorable impressions of "the South American way"?

Films turned out by a free industry do not always flatter their subject and should not be compelled to do so. Otherwise, freedom of the screen would be lost. In irresponsible or chained hands, however, subjects may well be distorted and mistreated.

As mirrors of society, films should reflect many facets of life, but no one picture, any more than a single book, can be expected to reflect the entire range of human activity or of any given society. It takes many films, made by many people on many subjects in different settings, to give a balanced presentation. Viewed in this light, motion pictures are indeed culture couriers.

The screen stars' popularity everywhere is arresting proof of the world-wide influence of motion pictures. Those who have attended recent film festivals in Latin America can attest to this. Last year, along with a group of stars from Hollywood, I was privileged to visit the festivals in Brazil and Argentina. In Brazil, after the people of São Paulo had opened their hearts to us with a rousing welcome, our party proceeded to Rio de Janeiro, where the Mardi Gras Carnival was in progress. No one who has seen Cariocas celebrating would expect



U.S. screen star Jane Russell and Mexican-born silent film idol Gilbert Roland (right) kibitz as Cuban Pérez Prado plays mambo

individual attention in the midst of such riotous gaiety. Yet our stars were hailed, mobbed, and hailed again at every turn.

In Argentina, I was equally impressed by the enthusiastic hospitality of the people. The Argentines have a world-wide reputation for conservatism, but there was nothing restrained about their ovations, not only for U.S. actors

and actresses but for stars of many countries. I shall never forget the hundreds of thousands of movie fans who jammed the streets on our thirty-eight-block route from the railroad station to the Hotel Provincial in Mar del Plata.

I was told that no visiting foreign statesman, no matter what his stature, had ever received such a roaring reception, and I could not help but wonder how much better off the world would be today if the representatives of all our countries could generate the same friendly warmth when they came to discuss the problems of our age.

What more dramatic evidence could there have been that motion pictures make enduring impressions than



Mexican star Margo appeared in *Viva Zapata*, Hollywood picture based on the life of her country's famous agrarian reformer

the affectionate recognition that was given to a lovely veteran member of our party, Mary Pickford? Miss Pickford has not appeared in a film for many years, but time and again the shout went up, "Viva la Novia de América!" Her fans had not forgotten her, nor the roles she portrayed.

The same thing holds true almost everywhere in the world. It was startling enough to see some sixty thousand children complete in cowboy uniforms turn out in Melbourne, Australia, to cheer William Boyd, the Hopalong Cassidy of our "Westerns," but even more astounding was the stirring reception the Australian bushmen gave him.

The effectiveness of motion pictures, however, cannot be measured solely by the applause meter or the box office. In my travels around the world, I have noticed hair styles in the most remote lands that were inspired by pictures only recently exhibited there. In the Balkans, as in the Orient, modern music that originated in films has gained hit-parade popularity. Even seldom played classics suddenly come to life through the movies.

Motion pictures have made drama out of history and history out of drama. Social values and ethics have been given mass circulation they never had before. Under-

standing has come through entertainment. Yet no matter what the motivations of film producers, no matter how lofty their aims, how dedicated their talents, motion pictures will not fulfill their function as a mass art medium on the scale they could and should so long as barriers are placed in the way of their international distribution.

considers complete freedom in international film trade essential. The Federation consequently calls upon its member Associations to do everything in their power to reduce and abolish fiscal and quota restrictions on the importation and distribution of . . . films as rapidly as this can be done without material injury to the essential interests of film production in the country concerned.

The Federation at the same time, without prejudice to the essential economic interests of each country, urges its member



Some of Mexico's leading bullfighters helped in making of Bullfighter and the Lady, which starred Robert Stack (third from left)

Tariff barriers, import quotas, and arbitrary taxation against foreign films will not give a local industry the protection they are designed to create. For one thing, such measures invite retaliation by other nations, and no film industry in the world can flourish without foreign markets.

Realizing this, U.S. producers have never asked their government for protection and would not accept it if proffered. They have offered concrete proof of their firm belief in the importance of the free flow of films around the world by giving material support to the efforts of foreign producers to distribute and present their films in the United States.

All free film industries ought to work together to expand the world movie audience, rather than try to carve out protected markets. With such a goal there is no doubt that there would be enough popular support around the globe for all film industries with a product worth seeing.

This spirit of cooperation in the international exchange of films moved the General Assembly of the International Federation of Film Producers to adopt the following resolution:

To insure the maximum development of film production as the principal medium of mass communication and mass entertainment, the International Federation of Film Producers Associations

Associations to oppose the creation or maintenance of any barrier to the free negotiation, collective or individual as the case may be, between producers, distributors, and exhibitors, of distribution charges, film hire, and all other contractual conditions concerned with the exploitation of films.

In an age marked by growing tempo in human affairs and relations, leaders of the motion picture world must keep up with the pace. Unless their outlook is as broad as the picture our times create, they will not be able to give an accurate reflection. In this function they must not fail, for motion pictures are the mirrors of a society that needs self-examination if we are to win peace. ♦ ♦ ♦



Between scenes on the San Antonio set, stars Rod Cameron and Mexican Katy Jurado take time out to rest

rugged individualists



Guajiro Indians bargain with traveling trader for axes and knives

***These Indians are Guajiros first,
Colombians or Venezuelans second***

CARLOS MARTÍNEZ-CABANA

IN THE NORTHEAST CORNER of the republic of Colombia, a big peninsula juts into the blue waters of the Caribbean. Whether its name should be written Goagira, Goajira, or Guajira has long been the subject of heated controversy. On ancient maps we find Goagira; the Colombian Government prefers Goajira; but the suaver form Guajira is more in accord with a multitude of other Indian names throughout South America, so I shall stick to that. However, all such arguments pale into insignificance once we come face to face with the fiercely independent Guajiro Indians, who steadfastly maintain their own traditions despite the inroads of modern civilization.

The Guajiros, with their axis on the Colombian-Venezuelan border, swing from one end of the peninsula to the other, attaching more importance to their bond with the earth than to their nationality. For first of all they are Guajiros. Their home is an expanse of hot, salty

wasteland, only slightly relieved by the northwest winds. Their laws are dictated by their chiefs, men inspired by that radiant sun god who leaves the burning mark of his presence on their bodies and on the ground. Because of this, the Indian still cannot understand why strangers sent by the government in Bogotá or Caracas come to Guajira to impose an utterly foreign authority.

The first time I visited the peninsula, I was on an official government mission. When I arrived at the town of Riohacha, a mestizo (a civilized man of Guajiro extraction) was on hand to serve as my interpreter and advisor. All the salt formed on the coastal flats belongs by law to the government monopoly; it was my job to check on the precautions taken to prevent the Indians from selling it contraband in the Riohacha markets. No sooner had I given my instructions to the guard than we caught half a dozen Indian women peddling illegal salt



Finding water and forage for their cattle is tough job for Guajiros in dry season

in the town.

Through my interpreter, whom the Indians insisted for some reason on calling Sipuna, meaning soap, the prisoners demanded the return of their salt and provisions. I told them this was out of the question because all Guajira salt belonged to the government, that they could take as much as they needed for their own use but could not sell it. When Sipuna translated my words, the women looked at each other in astonishment. The spokesman for the group replied something in her own language that made them smile.

"She says you're crazy," Sipuna explained. "She says that salt is produced by the sun, which is their god, in Guajira, which is their land. If the government wants salt, let it ask the Indians for it or gather it somewhere else."

Another woman suggested, in Spanish, that if I was going into Guajira territory it would be best for me to return the salt and provisions to avoid disaster. I declined, saying that if it came to that, there was no point in my being there at all. The exchange continued to no avail. Then I told them to withdraw and warned them that if they continued to bring salt to Riohacha, they

would be detained by the guard and the government would punish them. The spokesman answered in Guajiro. Hiding a smile, my interpreter translated: "She asks, Who is the government?"

For a moment, I was about to give a lecture on the expression of the people's will, the central powers, the constitution, the laws, and so on. But I resisted the temptation, suspecting that this would simply lead to more of the same kind of questions. As it was getting late, I had Sipuna tell them again that I was confiscating the salt and provisions, and that they should leave because it was time to close the office. They rejoined that they wouldn't budge until their property was returned. Addressing the woman who had questioned me earlier in Spanish, they said in Guajiro, "Let him tell his friend Government to return our salt and not be bad to us."

When I heard the translation of this remark and realized that they had understood our conversation in Spanish, I told them directly that if they spoke Spanish to me I would accede to their demand. I asked the spokesman to speak up. But she replied in Guajiro, and Sipuna revealed that she claimed she did not understand.

Sipuna advised me to give up the idea of making them



Indians gather salt for government monopoly from natural flats near Manaure

speak Spanish, that I could never do it because the Indians consider it a disgrace, at least in the presence of civilized people. Since the hearing was becoming interminable, I ordered the salt returned. The women received it with obvious happiness and then filed by my desk to say to me the ritual *guaré-cús* (friend), which I took care to repeat to each of them, following my interpreter's peremptory instructions. He explained that *guaré-cús* implies a promise of the Indian's friendship that must be reciprocated if the risk of enmity is to be avoided. Naturally, I had no desire to open hostilities with the people whose domains I was to enter the following day.

By eight the next morning we were en route to the heart of the peninsula. After crossing the Calancala River, whose eastern bank marks the boundary of Guajirol territory, we arrived at the town of Pancho, where Capuchin



Tradition survives: medicine woman spits tobacco juice on patient in healing ritual

missionaries have quietly opened an orphanage inhabited by little Indians recruited more with material gifts than through other-worldly offerings. This dot on the map, officially known as San Antonio, was for many years the capital of the Commissariat of Guajira. But when the town of Uribia, in the center of the territory, was founded as Commissariat headquarters, the national government ceded the administration buildings to the religious order.

An hour beyond Pancho we were overwhelmed by the suffocating aridity of the plains. Our automobile seemed the only movable object in that panorama of shimmering solitude. In the distance I made out a line of trees that seemed to be growing on the far side of a pond, and, at the prospect of a little shade, I asked the driver how long it would take us to get there. His answer amazed me: "Those trees don't exist. That's a mirage."

Indeed, the apparent distance between us and the sham vegetation remained unchanged until we lost sight of it. Soon the arms of a windmill breaking the horizon made me think I was having another vision, but this time my

retinas had captured something real: we were approaching the town of El Pájaro.

This hospitable one-street hamlet is composed of a mixture of cordial Indians and people known as *arijunas*. There we drank beer with a former frontier guard who had come from the interior and after his service remained in Guajira in retail trade with his Indian wife and three children. I learned that I, too, was an *arijuna*, that is, a person alien to the locality and Indian customs. At first the word had meant "Spanish"; the natives used it in referring to the conquistadors and Colonial navigators, who had failed in their attempts to establish themselves on the peninsula. Today, the Guajiros call any stranger *arijuna*, the word being roughly equivalent to "foreigner" or "outsider."

Both Pancho and El Pájaro were built close to drinking-water sources. Pancho is near the Calancala River, and



Civilization moves in: vaccinating Guajiros at government health center

El Pájaro is on the site of an artesian well, one of the few still operating of the many dug by the national government. No ditch, no brook refreshes the heart of the land during the dry season. Although seasonal rains stretch a carpet of vegetation and ponds across the plains, in summer there is only a desolate panorama of arid fields and decaying animals that have died of thirst, despite the efforts of the Indians, who move from place to place with their flocks seeking water and pasture.

At the waterhole called Taguaya, I had my first view of local primitive life. There we found many Indians, on horseback and on foot, wearing no clothing except the very brief *guayuco* or breech cloth and carrying strong bows and sharp arrows or repeating rifles. They looked peaceful enough, though strong, vigorous, and skilled in the use of arms for attack or defense. After the ritual *guaré-cús* I repeated to each, a young Indian said something in Guajirol, and Sipuna translated: "He wants a cigarette."

As I reached for the pack in my pocket, Sipuna ad-

vised me that if I hadn't enough cigarettes for all, it would be better not to start. If you gave only to some, the other Indians would immediately consider you an enemy. Fortunately, I had a large supply and could satisfy everyone. Some had come a long way in search of the bubbling little well that was already beginning to dry up. Others had left their dead cattle along the painful route. But a friend of Sipuna's, who came from the nearby village of Aritayen, insisted that we go to his hut to have a little *kojoso* (sour milk, usually goat's milk).

Since it is inadvisable in Guajira to decline an Indian's proffered hospitality, the automobile headed toward the sea, to a little hamlet that Sipuna seemed to know very well. Soon we caught the monotonous beat of a drum. I was struck by the emphatic *tu-tu-tum-tum tu-tu-tum-tum*, and Sipuna told me: "They are dancing the *chicha-maya*." A little square at the entrance to the village was made up of a number of separate *yotojoros* (Indian huts with roofs made from the dry heart of the nopal or other large cactus). There, in the oppressive sunlight, an Indian throng framed about a dozen couples who were dancing, jumping, and tripping each other. Unlike the men, Guajiro women wear full, long-sleeved frocks, generally of dark, coarse cotton cloth, which cover them from neck to toes, although they may tuck them up to their shoulders at any moment. Underneath is a broader *guayuco* than the men's, a wide band of cloth held at the ends by the *cirapo*, a kind of belt made of strings of stone beads. The women wear them from a very early age and never remove them except during pregnancy.

For a long time we stood there watching them dance. A young man tried to trip his partner, who was older; but she jumped nimbly aside and in turn blocked his legs. He fell to the ground, and a burst of feminine laughter signaled his defeat. The woman continued to dance alone—a sign of victory—until another man took the place of the fallen dancer, who was eliminated.

The *chicha-maya*, both a rite and a diversion, is danced only when the local witch doctor or soothsayer demands it. If a man dreams of misfortune to himself, the village, or the cattle, the necromancer interprets this as a warning from their god to beware of the *guandurú*, or devil, who is lying in ambush. Then the dance is performed to exorcise him. When a sick person recovers, the *chicha-maya* is also performed, but then as an expression of the medicine man's triumph over the evil spirit lodged in the patient's body. How long the dance lasts depends on the number of available participants, since it must go on with the partners eliminating each other until only one man or woman remains, in testimony of the victory of the sex.

When an Indian dies, Guajiro rite stipulates that all his belongings be divided among his mourners; this includes anyone—relative, friend, or stranger—who makes a show of grief. Aspirants to the inheritance lean on a large wooden pole placed across forked sticks near the body. Since each Guajiro owns at least one pair of goats, there is sure to be enough meat for the succulent barbecue that is served to honor his memory.



Chicha-maya dancers try to trip each other. Man, holding bow and arrows as handicap, falls in defeat (below)



Below: In their land of dry earth and salt spray, peninsula Indians are skilled boatmen and pearl divers



The Guajiro woman does not marry the man of her choice, but the one who buys her. Upon reaching puberty, the Indian girl undergoes intensive domestic training. When this is finished, she is considered a *majuyura*, a girl for sale, and the men crowd around, as in a market place, to look her over and price her. Her marriage value equals the wealth of her father divided by the number of daughters, so she is worth one goat, or one horse, or ten cows, as the case may be. It is the man's privilege to have as many women as he can afford, and he takes them to live in the same *yotojoro* with no fear of jealousy disturbing the slow rhythm of his home life. The Indian is indeed the lord and master of his women.

Besides fighting, the Indian loves hunting and fishing.

Guajiro band member gives out music for chicha-maya dance



Mouth violin is horsehair bow played with moistened stick



He is famous for his skill in diving to great depths and snatching treasures from the pearl banks that abound along the coast. In the salt-gathering season around Manaure and Bahíahonda he generally works in the beds or loading the ships that come to take away the product. In this he demonstrates his fantastic physical endurance, working a continuous stretch of up to three full days and nights. The women come too; it is their job to find water, bring firewood and provisions, graze the flocks, take care of the children, and weave nets, *guayucos*, and *cirapos*. They also harvest salt, giving their husbands their earnings.

Strong and powerful, the Indian is also a hearty tippler. Protected by his wife, who follows him like a bloodhound, he will drink rum until he passes out, and the woman will watch over him patiently until he awakens. But this code applies only when the Indian woman has a native husband. If she is bought by an outsider, she demands the same treatment and consideration the man would give a wife of his own class. Many *arijunas* have bought Indian wives and settled permanently on the peninsula.

The Guajiros practice unyielding stoicism. A badly wounded man bleeds without complaint. The woman bears her children in silence. She undergoes the painful crisis alone, and after washing the infant and slinging it on her back, impassively continues her daily chores.

Outcries of pain are forbidden in the customs of this proud race, which dislikes showing any physical or emotional weakness.

So the Guajiro firmly maintains his own rites, dialect, and traditions in the face of the semicivilized way of life the government has tried to impose on him. The Indian who often sees airplanes land in Uribia is the same man who prefers to ride patiently on horseback toward the distant town of Riohacha. He has seen the electric lights that illuminate the streets of Manaure, but he fires his primitive hearth inside his *yotojoro*. While female *arijunas* paint their lips, the Indian women prefer to paint their foreheads and cheeks with red, black, or white annatto. The only concession the Indians have



Weaving a hammock from local fibers



Indian girl in Carraipia, Guajira, grinds corn

made to what we could call Western dress is the use of the undershirt, which they buy in Manaure shops for protection from the burning sun when they are working on the salt flats.

The Guajiro Indian has an amazing memory. Quietly and patiently he builds up a mental archive of faces and facts that stays with him forever. He may not remember a name or a date, but he will never forget a person or an insult. His code of justice is based on the unchanging motto: "What is done to the Indian must be paid for." Against this *de facto* and *de jure* law, refined by the Indian through centuries of application, government arguments to convince him of the advantages of modern codes based on new theories of penal procedure have made little headway.

Two large castes or tribes that are like two big families, the Epiayues and the Epinauyues, dispute control of the peninsula. The usually passive enmity between them erupts when an Epiayú implies an insult to an individual, animal, or object belonging to the Epinauyues, or vice versa. Then guerrilla warfare with arrows and modern rifles blazes all over Guajira, in both the Colombian and the Venezuelan sections, and friendly intervention by the authorities is necessary to restore order. For anyone who insults or harms a Guajiro or his property



Guajira contrasts: Indians, familiar with trucks and airplanes, cling to bows and arrows and old traditions



A Guajira belle. Marriages are arranged by sale of bride to husband. Prices are usually set in livestock and poultry

must pay for it either with his blood or with money, cattle, or some other useful object. If a child wounds or mistreats a playmate of the other caste, even if he meant no harm, the victim's relatives immediately complain, not to the offender's father, but to his maternal uncle or uncles, for the Guajiros believe, with some malice, that "there are times when the father isn't the father, but the mother is always the mother."

An outsider who commits a crime against a Guajiro is unlikely to get out of the peninsula alive, for the castes that fight each other to the death will automatically unite against either the *arijunas* or the Andean tribe of *Cocinas*, which sometimes tries to invade the plains from its retreat in the Perijá mountains.

A frontier policeman once unjustifiably shot an Indian to death. Within a few minutes of his removal to prison, one of the chiefs of the dead man's tribe appeared and demanded that the murderer be turned over for judgment. The commissioner courteously explained that the man was under the jurisdiction of Colombian laws and would be judged for his crime accordingly. Since this official's administration was favorable to the Indians and he had won their friendship, no violence accompanied

the request. But from then on, spying on each other by the Indians and the authorities as they entered or left the prison replaced the headquarters' usual bucolic tranquility.

Since there was as yet no airport in Uribia, the commissioner took advantage of a nocturnal truck, carrying passengers from Puerto Estrella to Riohacha, to transfer his prisoner. Disguised as women, the murderer and his guard mixed with other passengers who boarded the vehicle after a short rest in town. The truck sped across the dry plains through the quiet darkness, scheduled to reach Riohacha before dawn.

No stop was made in Manaure, where an avenging Indian might be lying in ambush behind every cactus. The little village of Aritayen was behind them. Only El Pájaro remained, with its heterogeneous population that presented little danger, and finally Pancho, with the reassuring presence of the Capuchin missionaries. Once across the Calancala River, they would be free of any threat of retaliation.

Near the waterhole of Taguaya the truck stopped to remove a dead tree lying across the road. "These Indians are always leaving obstructions for others to take away!" grumbled the driver, while all the passengers climbed down to stretch their legs. The guard and his prisoner were not so nervous, now that they were nearly sixty miles from Uribia. Moreover, they were sure their departure had been carried out in the deepest secrecy, the darkness of the night was on their side, and they were almost certain to be in Riohacha before the Indians realized what had happened.

With the way cleared, everyone was ready to climb aboard. Suddenly, as a single shot rang out, the murderer's body fell to the ground. Guajiro law had been fulfilled. Once again Indian tradition had triumphed over modern civilization. For the Guajiro laws are immutable, and any violator must submit to them.

That is the way Guajira is—hospitable and friendly, but harsh and inexorable. A land of burning plains where only the brown Indians, their hair tossed by the wind, seem to belong. A land studded with cacti raising their spiny cry for water to the sky. A land of pearls and sun, of wind and salt—briny as the tears the Indians must weep at the sight of their flocks dying of thirst. Colombian Guajira? Venezuelan Guajira? No. Just Guajira. The Guajira whose borders the Indian never wants to cross, for this land is the natural vessel that holds his own traditions, his own customs, his own freedom. ♦ ♦ ♦



Guajiros practice archery on the beach. Indian law is sternly applied to outsiders as well as tribe members

a word with



Adhemar Ferreira da Silva

IN THE HIGHLY COMPETITIVE FIELD of athletics, few young men (or women) ever get to the top, and even fewer add to their exploits a talent for the guitar, languages, and singing. That, however, is about the size of the accomplishments of Adhemar Ferreira da Silva, a lithe, slender, twenty-eight-year-old Brazilian who holds the world's record for the hop, step, and jump. This consists of hopping mightily after a running start, touching once with the same foot you took off from, then striding to the other, and finally landing on both feet. The object, of course, is to cover the longest possible distance.

Brought to the United States under the State Department's Foreign Leaders Program, Adhemar made a stop-over in Washington before proceeding to Florida and the West Coast. I met him at a gathering of people from Brazil, Cuba, Venezuela, the United States, and Argentina, who had come to meet the champ and hear him sing. They were not disappointed.

A friendly, smiling, unassuming young fellow, Silva displayed his unusual talent by rendering several Brazilian songs, the Japanese version of *Auld Lang Syne* in waltz time, and a Finnish lullaby. Not a professional entertainer, he accompanies himself on the guitar with creditable ease and charm.

"Once I was asked to play on the radio in Rio," he told us, "and when I got to the Japanese song, people burst out laughing. You see, some of the Japanese words sound like Portuguese expressions you wouldn't dare mention in public, let alone on a microphone. Of course, I had to stop and apologize, explaining that it was Japanese."

Personal friends of such outstanding U.S. Negroes as Nat "King" Cole, Marian Anderson, and Katherine Dunham, Silva and his attractive young wife Elza often entertain visiting U.S. athletes and singers at their home in São Paulo.

"How long have you been married?" we asked.

"Since December, fifty-three."

"Any children?"

"Not yet," he answered, "but we're expecting three in August."

"Three? Your wife's really expecting triplets?"

"I hope so. I'm triple-jump champ, and besides I like kids."

"And how did you get to be champ?"

"Well, I'd always enjoyed sports, played soccer a lot, and when I was twenty I gave the hop-step a try at the São Paulo Football Club. Hit 44'6" during the São Paulo beginners' competition."

He was working at two jobs during the day and training at night. At the end of 1947 he became São Paulo State champion by covering 48'5½". In 1948, Adhemar won a place among Brazilians scheduled to go to the Olympic Games at Wembley, England, with a mark of 49'3". In 1949 he broke 50'11", thereby winning the South American championship, which had been held for twenty-five years by Brunetto of Argentina. A year later he tied the world record of 52'5⅞", which Naoto Tajima of Japan had set in 1936. In 1951, in Rio, he added another three-eighths of an inch that put him on top. He kept this enviable position straight through the Helsinki Olympic Games of 1952 by hitting 53'2.59" on July 23. In a 1953 meet he lost to Leonid Scherbakov of Russia, who made 53'5", but at the 1955 Pan American Games in Mexico City Adhemar was again top man, with 54'4".

Adhemar's rise has not been smooth by any means. He was born in the Casa Verde district of São Paulo in 1927 of modest parents: his father was a railroad porter, his mother a cleaning woman in public buildings. After primary school, when he was ten, Adhemar joined the Escola Técnica de São Paulo, a government-operated arts-and-crafts school, where he learned ceramics and some sculpture techniques. At the age of sixteen he got a job in a sculptor's studio. A year later he started studying shorthand and typing at night, and in his late teens he held several office jobs.

Since their marriage the Silvas have lived with his parents in the same house where Adhemar was born. But this month they will move to Rio, where he has been transferred by his present employer, the Labor Department's Workers' Recreation Program.

"One thing sure," he told me, "I've got to think of my wife and family, and that means chucking athletics. Can't make a living at it unless I want to become a pro. So I'm going to try to go to law school. But before that I'm going to enroll in the army physical education school next year. It's a one-year course, and the diploma is worth a lot."

Right now, Adhemar makes a living by writing a sports column for *Última Hora*, a São Paulo daily, and announcing sports events over a São Paulo radio station. He is also a general announcer and disc jockey. Music comes easily to him. His mother, who loves it but has never had the leisure to take it up, gave him his first guitar when he was fifteen, and he learned to play by ear. He once took part in an audience-participation program on Rádio Nacional in Rio, liked it, and since then has played a few times on amateur programs.

Languages also come easily. Before going to Helsinki he took some lessons from a Finnish family in São Paulo. Later, walking down a street in the Finnish capital, he overheard a child say to her mother, "Look at that black man!" Whereupon Adhemar, in perfect Finnish, retorted, "Not black, dear. Brown."—*Armando S. Pires*

The Colonel's Huacos

*Federico Diez de Medina
preserves ancient culture of
Tiahuanaco Bolivia*

HAZEL O'HARA

TIAHUANACO, the mysterious ancient city near the Bolivian shore of Lake Titicaca, is an enchanting place. Almost fifty years ago it cast its spell upon Federico Diez de Medina, a young army officer. He has never been free of it since.

The name Diez de Medina is an illustrious one in Bolivia (it dates from the wars against the Moors in Spain, when a certain Medina, after leading an assault on a fort and personally beheading ten—*diez*—of the enemy, was rewarded by a royal decree that the family might thenceforth call itself Diez de Medina and add ten bleeding heads to its coat of arms, where they remain to this day). The young officer, now Colonel Diez de Medina, retired, carried his famous name honorably through a long military career. But his greatest service to his country lies entirely outside the line of duty, in his devotion to Tiahuanaco. This is manifested in his copious writings, in his pre-eminent role in halting the exodus of archeological treasures from Bolivia, and above all in his fine private museum of Tiahuanaco objects.

The museum is in his home in La Paz, housed in a rectangular room off a cozy patio filled with plants and climbing vines, and the Colonel personally shows every visitor around. A frail man, he finds this constant receiving and explaining a strain. Mrs. Diez de Medina worries when people stay too long, but she is long since accustomed to having an enchanted man in the house, and she knows that when her husband starts discussing the ideograms of Tiahuanaco with a kindred spirit he is off in a realm where health and wealth are forgotten.

The room is not large, some forty paces by ten, but it has a look of orderly richness. Starting with nothing but affection, the Colonel has taught himself the archeological disciplines necessary to analyzing the Tiahuanacan remains and also the laborious tasks of classifying and arranging his more than sixty thousand objects in such a way that his museum makes sense to the visitor. He planned the adornments and furnishings, which harmonize with the old designs and objects, and made some of them himself. One understands on entering why the Colonel restricts the number of visitors to two or three at a time: he cannot risk having ten or a dozen elbows and feet moving about this well-stocked room. His collection starts on the floor and extends to the ceiling.

It includes ceramics, idols, and amulets, instruments, weapons, and tools of bone and metal, woven hangings, copper or bronze rings and brooches, needles and mirrors, fossilized crustaceans from the days when the *altiplano* was under water, skulls and mummies, and the more "modern" shrunken heads from the land of the Jibaros. The Colonel's favorites are the *huacos* (literally, objects found in a *huaca* or grave), of which he has more than 2,500. These ceramics with their decorative ideograms are the books in which, if only we can, we may read what the Tiahuanacans believed about the earth, the sun and moon, the puma, the condor, the fish. The pottery—jugs, vases, bowls, plates, cups, and other shapes—runs to browns with polychrome designs. There are whistling jugs with double spouts, the whistle coming out of one spout as the drinker ceases to draw from the



Colonel Diez de Medina (left) displays a choice piece from his crowded shelves to Holden B. McClung, a U.S. visitor

other. When struck with a ring these ceramics give forth a pure, clear tone. The secret of their glazing still rests with the Tiahuanacans.

"Look at the purity of this line," the Colonel will say, taking from a cabinet a fragment mounted on a glass base. In simple, sure lines, the long-ago artist caught the look of innocent curiosity of a water fowl stretching its long neck to see what is going on. Some of these *huacos* have a fierce distinction, others the elegance for which fine stores charge high prices.

The Colonel has returned from many a trip to the *altiplano* with hundreds of fragments, which he has sought patiently to fit together as they were originally.

I asked the Indians, in the presence of Juan Vargas, who is the one having authority over them, if those buildings had been put up in the time of the Incas, and they just laughed at this question, affirming what has already been told, that long before the Incas reigned the buildings had been made, but that they could not say who had done it, only that they had heard their fathers tell that during one night that which was now there had appeared.

The fanatical Spaniards destroyed whatever smacked of idolatry and carried off the stones for their own buildings, and down to modern times people casually took the place apart for their own purposes. In the nineteenth century, visiting scientists began to bear off fine pieces to present to the museums of their own countries. Tourists broke off bits of carving or dug up



Gateway of the Sun, built by mysterious people of Tiahuanaco, stands in lonely splendor on Bolivian altiplano

Out of such a haul, he may get three or four or five new pieces. He paints with red lacquer any new parts he has added to fill in the gaps.

The Colonel's fame as a collector has probably grown mainly by word of mouth. Diplomats returning to their diverse countries recommend to all Bolivia-bound travelers that they see this fascinating archeological museum. Professional archeologists and anthropologists tell their brothers-in-the-bond of this storehouse of priceless objects from ancient Tiahuanaco. Tourists find out somehow and come with letters of introduction. Arrangements are made in advance for groups of students on tour to see the museum. Photographers appear from out of the blue. And so it goes.

In the early years of this century, Tiahuanaco—cultural and religious center of the old Collas, ancestors of the Aymaras—seemed well on the way to complete dispersion. Bolivia had been too long involved in economic and social troubles to breed archeologists or to care what happened to the remains of an earlier civilization on its bleak *altiplano*. Nobody knows how long ago the gold plates were plucked from the walls, along with the gold nails that held them there.

One of the more scholarly conquistadors, Pedro Cieza de León, saw the walls standing when he visited the place in 1540. In his *Crónica del Perú e Historiadores Primitivos de Indias*, he related:

ceramics to take home as souvenirs. The builders of the railroad from Guaqui, the Bolivian port on Lake Titicaca, to La Paz, early in the twentieth century, happily seized upon materials for bridges, causeways, and stations. Today's tourist riding this train can see as he nears Lake Titicaca a line of columns, the lonely last posts of a great megalithic city.

In 1907, Díez de Medina was a dashing twenty-four-year-old lieutenant and athlete just returned from his military studies in Argentina. His only connection with archeology was a feeling of indignation over the traffic in Bolivia's treasures. Like many other educated Bolivians, he felt a proprietary admiration for the sophisticated stylizations in Tiahuanacan designs. Inevitably, he soon made common cause with the Austrian engineer Arthur Posnansky, who had already begun his long struggle to win recognition for Tiahuanaco and to have it preserved. He was still but a sincere dilettante in 1908, when Posnansky managed to get the beautiful Gateway of the Sun repaired and set where it stands today.

Two years later, the then Captain Díez de Medina was visiting his farm on the shores of Lake Titicaca when one day an Indian living there reported: "*Tata* [sir], we think there's something strange about that hill—we can see flames rising after a rain." The Captain knew that the phosphorus in bones will appear as little flames in the evaporation after a rain, and he suspected that



Rare black huaco with lizard climbing over rim was Colonel's first find



Painted incense burners with puma heads, carefully pieced together by the Colonel from bits he picked up at Tiahuanaco



Jug designed by ancient stylist, member of one of most advanced Andean civilizations



Modern silver pin for tourists copies Gateway of the Sun figures



Flaring vessel with bird's head is typical of Tiahuanaco pottery



Staircase motif, as on this vase, is widely used in pre-Columbian art—a fact that the Colonel uses to support his Tiahuanaco theory



Tiny ceramic head is portrait of a man

the hill might be an ancient cemetery.

That night he dreamed that he went to the hill and dug down into the tombs of ancient kings and queens of the *altiplano*, bejeweled, clad in splendid regalia, and surrounded by the fine things they had used in life. In the morning, possessed by a happy excitement, he hurried to the hill and went to work. After a while, the Indian digging with him announced: "We're coming to a hollow place." Sure enough, they penetrated a tomb. One of the first objects the strangely moved young officer picked up was a black vase, finely wrought, with a carving of a lizard climbing over the edge. The vase lay beside the skull of the man who perhaps had once prized it. The rest of the find consisted of metal utensils and carved stones. The tomb did not come up to his dream of the night before, but the young man hopefully chose another spot and dug again.

Colonel Diez de Medina could put no more into the telling of a decisive battle than he does into this story of the bejeweled dream, the excitement, the joy, the suspense, and finally the disappointment, for of the fourteen tombs in that little cemetery, the first was the only one that had not been sacked by *huaqueros* or treasure hunters. The others contained only scattered bones, ashes, and pottery fragments.

Still and all, he had found a black Tiahuanaco ceramic, one of the rarest and finest. In relating the story to me in his museum, he took from a cabinet the graceful, polished black ceramic with the lizard still climbing over the rim, and said, "This *huaco*, made for ceremonial libations, is the foundation piece of my archeological room, for it was the first ceramic I dug up." To finish the tale, he walked to another cabinet: "And this is the skull I found with the black *huaco* in that first tomb."

Between the finding of that *huaco* and the stacked shelves of this museum is a long army career. How the Colonel found time to produce a priceless archeological collection is known only to himself. A framed caricature on his office wall, drawn when he was military attaché to the United States in the early nineteen-twenties, shows him as a gay young officer in a sailor straw hat. He was an expert bridge player in the Washington diplomatic set, and he admits to having sometimes played morning, afternoon, and night of the same day. When asked, "Is that the life of a military attaché?", the scholarly man just looked reminiscent and cheerful. From this period in the United States dates his collection of some 6,500 arrowheads, which admirers in that country continue to supplement.

Back in Bolivia, he became editor of the *Revista Militar*, and another caricature shows him emerging pertly from its pages with drawn sword. Between 1924 and 1927, he was director of the war college. The Chaco War, which boiled over in the thirties, was brewing during the late twenties, and Diez de Medina, in charge of frontier posts, spent more than four years in that region.

While we were discussing things military, he brought out an old photograph of the war-college faculty, and as I looked at him sitting there with his shining boots in the center of the group, so altogether the army officer,

I thought him an unlikely figure to be rummaging around among dusty shards in search of all the pieces of a jug made by some artisan dead these many generations. But rummaging is exactly what he was doing in his spare time, and to such good purpose that his labors have won him testimonials from institutions in Bolivia, Peru, Argentina, the United States, Cuba, Guatemala, and Switzerland.

In his articles, written for newspapers and magazines in Bolivia and other South American countries, and illustrated with his own black-and-white drawings and watercolors of his choice pieces, he interprets the symbols of Tiahuanaco and discusses his theories of that culture. He has helped many other writers on the civilizations of western South America with information and illustrations.

Every great collector is perforce a scholar, and his ideas, even when disputed by the professionals, are a stimulus to creative thinking. The most commonly accepted meaning of the complex stylized figures on the lintel of the Gateway of the Sun is that advanced by Posnansky, who saw the central figure as the sun god and the rows of figures on either side of him as the days of September running by. September, when sowing begins, is the high point of the year in the agricultural civilization of the *altiplano* today, as it must have been at the time this door was fashioned. Colonel Diez de Medina, on the other hand, sees the central figure as a great warrior and the little side figures as subject peoples—an interpretation that may be due to his army life, for people read something of themselves into all great enigmas.

The Colonel believes that Tiahuanaco may have been the original habitat of mankind, and that some five thousand years ago (the date is vague and is used with caution) the place was crushed probably by a volcano and the rising of the lake. The distraught people then fanned out over the mountains toward the sea and proved

The author (left), Colonel Diez de Medina, and Mrs. Arthur Posnansky, widow of eminent Austrian engineer-archeologist whose work at Tiahuanaco inspired the Colonel



creative again in their new settlements, laying the foundations for future civilizations along the Pacific. The Colonel will pick up a *huaco* and, as a bibliophile turns to a favorite passage, will point out the little staircase design wandering around amid squares, circles, stylized condor faces, and other symbols. He will relate triumphantly that this staircase motif appears in all the old cultures up the West Coast and into Mexico and the U.S. Southwest; this, he believes, like the devoted Tiahuanacan he is, betokens just such wanderings. One ceramic over which he crows a bit, because it supports his theory, is an old figure from Mexico, perhaps five inches high, and holding between its hands a typical Tiahuanacan vase. On one shelf are numerous tiny carved faces dug up at Tiahuanaco. These faces are not Indian at all, but Caucasian, Etruscan, Egyptian, Malayan, Chinese, Japanese, African, or other Eastern Hemisphere types, and the Colonel soon has his listeners speculating as to who knew whom ten thousand years ago. Through a number of his articles runs the thesis that Atlantis really existed and was the bridge between what we call the Old and New Worlds. Colonel Diez de Medina's theory deviates sharply from the professional consensus, which holds that man arrived in the Western Hemisphere from Siberia about twelve thousand years ago and that the two successive Tiahuanaco cultures cover roughly the period from the beginning of the Christian era to 900 A.D.

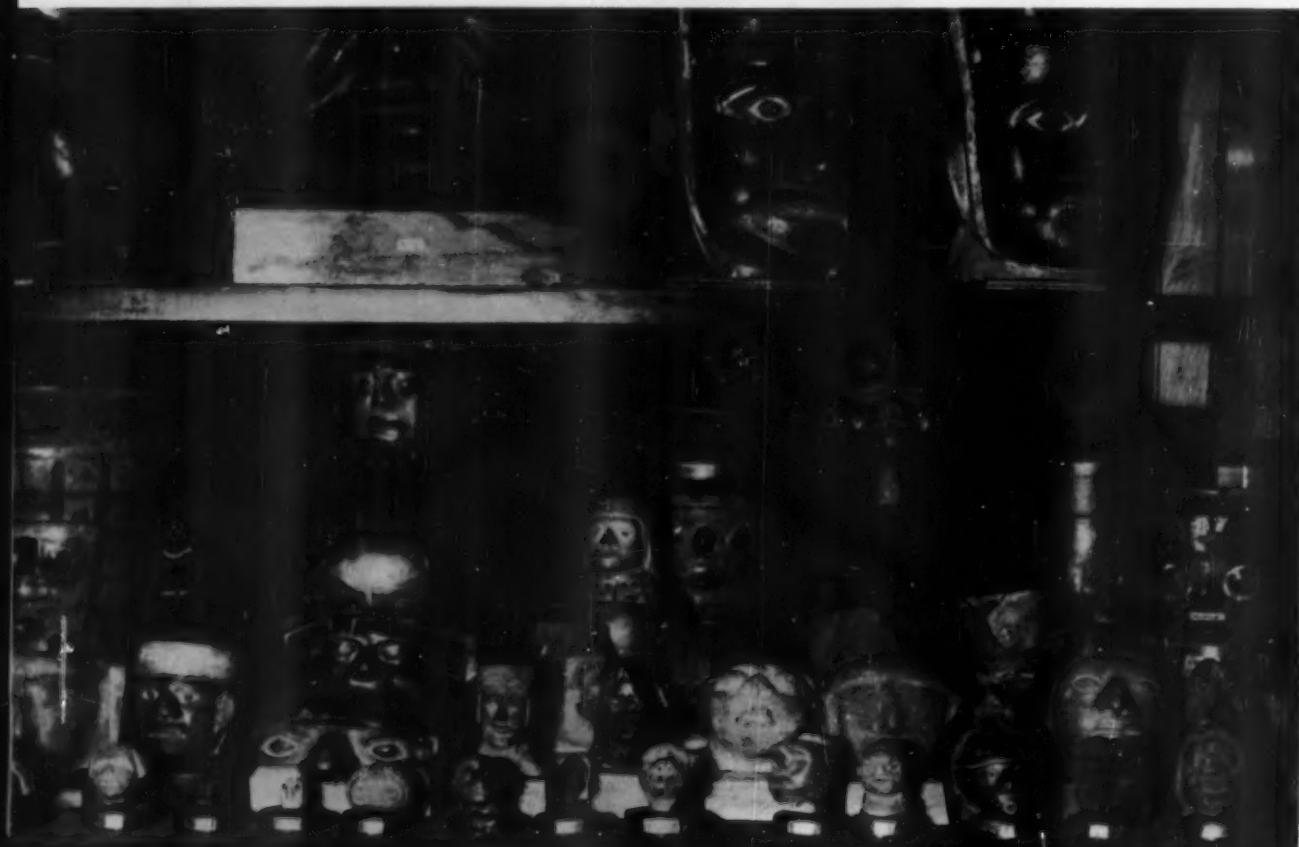
Interpreting an ancient civilization, especially one that left no writing as we know it, is an act of imagination,

and the most you can get out of anyone, however learned he may be about the former peoples of western South America, is, "We think they believed this. . . ." Perhaps the real importance of the Colonel's work lies in his having rescued such quantities of artifacts from this vanishing civilization and held them against the time when the scientific world would get around to exploring this ancient home of man. Professional archeologists and anthropologists have paid relatively little attention to Tiahuanaco, but one of the band told me recently that they are ready now for serious work on the puzzling area.

The gods demand a certain price for the joys of enchantment, and the Colonel has paid dear. He has spent nearly all his money on this museum and maintains the collection out of his small pension. Sometimes, returning home in a battered and crowded bus for lack of a private car, he ruefully views himself as a "poor millionaire." Nevertheless, if someone shows up with a fine *huaco*, like the recent foreign visitor who had made a lucky find in a lonely spot on the *altiplano*, the Colonel will offer to buy it. "What else can I do?" he asks, waving his hand at the crowded shelves. "These are my children."

Liqueur glasses wait on the tiered stand in the middle of the museum, and Colonel Diez de Medina's guests finish their rounds sipping something green or amber and velvet-smooth, for he makes every visit a bit of a social occasion. One has the feeling that he is not entertaining for himself so much as in behalf of the artists of ancient Tiahuanaco. ♦ ♦ ♦

Portrait heads of all styles and sizes include a number that are non-Indian in type





PUBLICATIONS: Ninth Floor

How Jose Simeão Leal cuts red tape in Brazil

GEIR CAMPOS

PROBABLY NOWHERE in the world is there a publication devoted to modern architecture that has not displayed in its pages the Ministry of Education building in Rio. Put up in the late thirties during the Getúlio Vargas administration, it was known then as the Ministry of Education and Health. Although inspired by Le Corbusier, both planning and construction were carried out—from original sketches to the final touches—without the famous master's help. So the magnificent structure stands as a notable monument to a local talent, its pale colors, bold forms, and broad expanse of glass shimmering in the intense tropical light.

The Ministry of Education rises in the heart of the business section known as Esplanada do Castelo, surrounded by commercial and industrial buildings, by newspaper and doctors' offices, and by other government departments. Within the radius of these few blocks, 30 per cent of the intellectuals who stroll by of an afternoon

—writers and readers, teachers and students, musicians and artists—have been to see Mr. Simeão, 30 per cent are going to see Mr. Simeão; and the other 40 per cent need to see Mr. Simeão. Otherwise, they would not be asking eagerly: "Is there a new booklet out?"

To see Mr. José Simeão Leal is to ascend to the ninth floor of the Ministry, where the Publications Service (*Serviço de Documentação*) functions under his direction. Mr. Simeão is a jack-of-all-trades from Paraíba, with seven lives and seventy times seven ways of thinking up and doing things.

His Publications Service did not come into the world in that setting or under that name. It was born as the General Information Bureau in 1931, when the leaders of the 1930 revolution began to put their plans and projects in order. Six years later, only three days after the semi-dictatorial New State was established, the then Ministry of Education and Health was reorganized and

the General Information Bureau was converted into a bureau of statistics. But in those days the state made its own propaganda, and a Publicity Service was set up in the Ministry; in 1940 that office became the present Publications Service.

Internal regulations were adopted the next year and modified several years later. Then in 1953, waking up bureaucratically to the country's needs, the government decided to separate Health from Education. This change broadened the scope of the activities of Simeão Leal, who had already foreseen the widening horizons and was ready for his new powers and opportunities.

While regulations have been proposed that would step up the number of Publications Service departments to nine, its present structure, in addition to the director's office, includes only four sections—research, publication, administration, and photographic laboratory. As the



Sooner or later most intellectual's visit Simeão's office. Shown here: Gazy de Sá, musician, with artists Goeldi and Magalhães

journalist Herman Lima said in a recent newspaper article about the Ministry: "Without losing any of its bureaucratic functions, the Publications Service is today a living organism par excellence."

It is indeed alive, freed from the red tape that kept it tied up for so many years, simply publishing government orders and laws that had already appeared in the *Diário Oficial*, or at most bringing together collections of the incumbent officeholders' speeches and reports.

When, still astonished by so much activity in a government office once buried in routine, I first became acquainted with Simeão Leal, he told me the story of the patio bench at a certain military headquarters: "There the bench stood, with a soldier on guard beside it at all times. One fine day a new commandant was appointed and, finding this odd situation, asked his aide the reason for it. Since the aide did not know what to say, he ordered all the officers questioned about it, then the



Publications Service booklets, which have done much to popularize good reading in Brazil, cover wide range of subjects

noncoms, and even the privates. No one knew. That bench had always been there, with the soldier on hand. Thoroughly intrigued, the commandant was determined to find the answer; he searched historical documents and special reports, but found nothing. Finally, among trivial routine notes, in a very old order of the day, he discovered the key to the matter: the bench had been painted and set in the middle of the patio to dry, with a soldier standing by to see that no one sat on the wet paint. This was the mystery, the whole mystery. The piece of furniture still was not completely dry when the officer who had issued the order was unexpectedly replaced. Thus at the next change of the guard a man was again posted to watch the bench. Innumerable other officers took over and left, but none ever had enough curiosity to question the strange practice."

Instead of a freshly painted bench, Simeão Leal's office offered two big tables, surrounded by numerous chairs that can be moved around to suit the occasion. There intimate dialogues or many-sided conferences are conducted. While everyday tasks are being performed in their respective departments, matters outside the normal routine are suggested, discussed, formulated, and resolved in the director's ever-active office.

Administrative accounts and orders, the bureaucratic processes, all continue on schedule. Certain information that formerly had to be requested in writing, sometimes on paper with several official stamps and via intricate channels, is now available immediately, by telephone or personal interview, with a considerable saving of time and energy.

The ministerial reports, program explanations, and speeches continue to be published when the occasion arises, which is ever more infrequent; the *Arquivos* appear with necessary promptness; *Cultura*, a highbrow magazine, is published; and a new arts and literature monthly is soon to be launched under the name of *Quadrante*. The ministry's daily activities are recorded in another monthly organ, the *Boletim*.

What Mr. Simeão achieves in his service, with finan-

cial resources that never exceed those allotted to similar departments in other ministries, provokes astonishment in some and envy in others. Until last year, its appropriation was no more than three hundred thousand cruzeiros for publications and an equivalent amount for expenses of materials, contracts, honoraria, and so on. In the 1955 budget this rose to a total of nearly one million cruzeiros, half for publications and the rest for other expenses.

Nowadays an exhibition is never organized in Rio without the people in charge going up to the ninth floor of the Ministry of Education with some problem to be solved, and they always emerge well served. Besides giving advice and guidance, Simeão Leal often helps them prepare catalogues, printed matter, everything. Prompt replies are made to the telegrams, phone calls, and letters that keep pouring in from São Paulo, Belo Horizonte, Paraíba, asking for suggestions and assistance.

Since 1947, the service has issued some eight hundred thousand publications, albums of Brazilian artists' works, collections of special laws, all kinds of books well designed, printed, and put together.

Of these publications, the famous "little booklets"—the *Cadernos de Cultura*—are the most outstanding. These neat, pocket-size editions have appeared at the rate of almost one a week, demonstrating that the Brazilian mind is very much alive. The collection already numbers seventy-five.

The "caderninhos," as they are affectionately called, provide the opportunity for publication of works that by their very nature are of little interest for commercial publishers, and have precipitated a real revolution in Brazilian artistic and literary circles. The country's most distinguished names in literature, science, and art are represented among the authors: poets like Carlos Drummond de Andrade, Manuel Bandeira, and Cassiano Ricardo; novelists like José Lins do Rego, Cyro dos Anjos, and Adonias Filho; literary critics like Antônio Cândido, Rosário Fusco, and Afrânio Coutinho; essayists like Eugênio Gomes, Paulo Rónai, and Otto Maria Carpeaux; columnists like Rubem Braga, Sérgio Porto, and Fernando Sabino; short-story writers like Clarice Lispector, Herman Lima, and Almeida Fischer; and a legion of top-notch writers, some the authors of a single book, an essay, or a manifesto in any field.

Below: Magalhães' query about painting exposition is just one of numerous daily problems that get Simeão's personal attention



Needless to say, the *Cadernos* do not linger long on shelves or in bookstore windows. As soon as the newspapers announce a new issue, professors and students—of both university and secondary-school level—writers and readers, artists, and members of the general public rush to make sure of their copy. Although one could scarcely describe their distribution as well organized and planned, editions of three thousand are quickly exhausted, either given free to those who go after them or placed in bookstores, which are not allowed to charge more than five cruzeiros a copy—that is, about half the cost of production, and that only to facilitate distribution and cover the bookseller's expenses. The topics are debated, curiosity is aroused, and there is no better way of encouraging and recording the surge of a nation's culture.

Otto Maria Carpeaux, a European essayist living in Brazil and the author of one of the *Cadernos*, *Respostas e Perguntas* (Answers and Questions), expressed the writers' enthusiasm in these terms: "The *Cadernos* series aims at putting within reach of the Brazilian public certain works that, despite their usefulness and intellectual value, would have a hard time finding a private publisher. In Brazil, the authors of this kind of work are usually forced to pay their own publication costs or be content with scattered publication in newspapers, which certainly makes it difficult to determine the repercussions and results of their labor. In the case of the *Cadernos de Cultura* we have a happy meeting of aims on the part of author and publisher, both of whom are interested in the evolution of the country's scientific, literary, and artistic culture. I believe that in this I speak for all the authors of *Cadernos*, who are pleased with this opportunity that Simeão Leal is giving us."

No less impressive are the activities that Simeão Leal's office carries on behind the scenes: the wise advice given to a group of young men who are trying to launch a newspaper or magazine, the skilled guidance offered the representative of any government or private institution wanting to organize an exhibition or a lecture, the friendly suggestion to the old or new author who arrives with the manuscript of a book under his arm, and the emergency telephone consultations while an assistant spreads publications out on the table for inspection and a clerk comes to announce that Mr. So-and-So demands immediate attention.

This work is good seed that someday will bear fruit somewhere. All this vivacity naturally goes beyond simple routine and overflows official functions. For this very reason, Simeão's latest dream is to see his new proposed statutes approved and put into operation. The first article in them provides as follows:

It is the purpose of the Publications Service of the Ministry of Education, directly subordinate to the Minister, to collect, arrange, and preserve documentary texts, descriptive data, photographic and cinematographic documentation; to divulge, through press, radio, television, and movies, the activities of the Ministry; to publish books and magazines of administrative or cultural interest; to effect exchanges, within the country and abroad, with official and private bodies interested in the same problems; and to perform other tasks connected with the Ministry.

And that's quite a program. ♦ ♦ ♦

The chrome covered wagon

a short story by
WILLIAM EASTLAKE
illustrations by
LEO HERSHFIELD

APPROXIMATELY on the edge of that enormous stretch of emptiness that is called Texas there were two young gentlemen in a large yellow car with THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE URANIUM COMPANY gold-lettered on the side entering El Paso. There was a leather flap that could be dropped from the inside to conceal the sign. It doubled as an arm rest and obliterated the sign when there was a situation that the two gentlemen did not want to bring the Wheel of Fortune into.

The two young gentlemen in the Cadillac Coupe de Ville were on their way to an almost non-existent place called Tonatai, near Cuba, New Mexico. You could maybe say, to all purposes and intents, legally—anyway as far as uranium, which is do-re-mi, which is what makes the world go round (or are you one of those people who want to stop it and get off?)—you could safely say the Wheel of Fortune had discovered Tonatai. Perhaps New Mexico when all was said and done. No one at the Wheel of Fortune, not even these two young gentlemen from the public relations department, claimed that the Wheel of Fortune had discovered the United States; but then again, where would the country be, would it truly be the United States, without their *élan vital*?

The traffic was heavy as they entered El Paso, as it had been heavy since they left Houston. They would have to go across the border to Juárez to get themselves in the right frame of mind to deal with the Indians. The Indians were backward around Cuba, and primitive, and did not know what was good for their own selves. So you might say that the two young gentlemen were going across to Juárez to help the Indians.

They paid their bridge fare and drove the Coupe de

Ville across the border and then decided that this was no proper place to leave the Caddy so they drove back across the international bridge and left the Coupe de Ville in a parking lot in the United States, paid their fare again and walked back across the bridge to Mexico. They were going to a lot of trouble, you might say, to help those Indians who did not know what was good for their own selves.

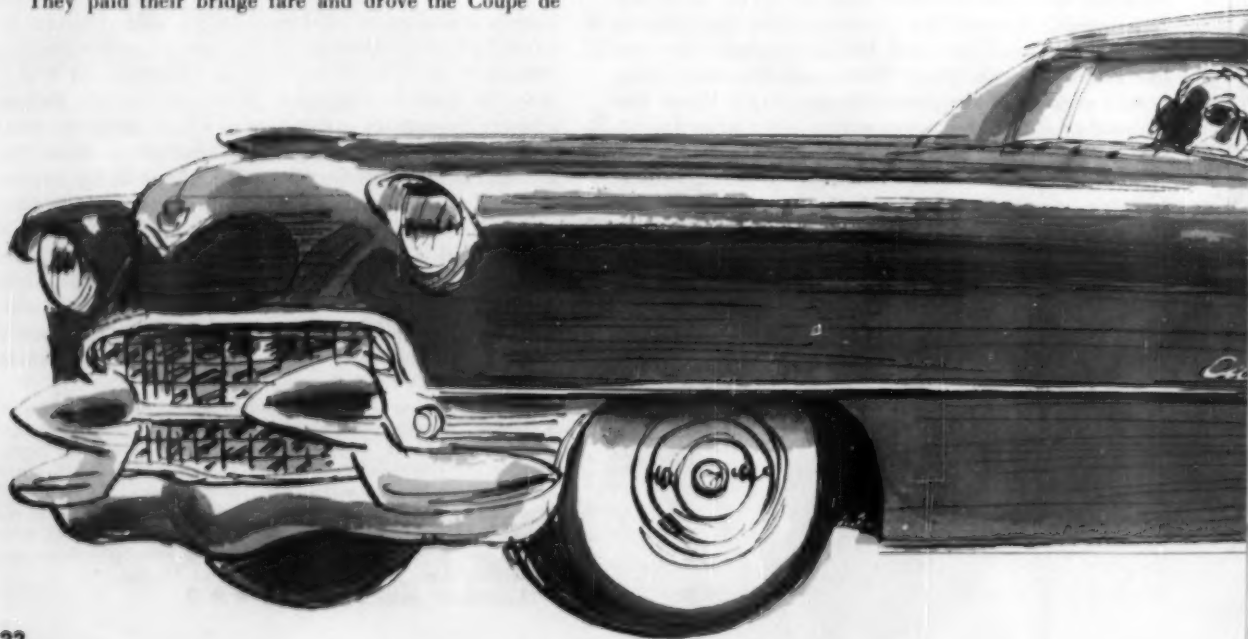
The tall blond gentleman had regular, beautiful, clear-cut features, vacuous and emasculated. When he had completed his rise to stardom at the Dairy Dell Little Theater in Houston, Texas, Oveta Culp Hobby's newspaper's theatrical critic had promised "Garry de Grasppe will take Hollywood by thunderstorm." But he went into uranium instead because that's what all the smart boys were getting into. The future belongs to those who sense nuclear possibilities. Blow everything up. The other blond gentleman had had an identical short and immature career except that the columnist had chosen him for television.

"No girlies," the tall blond one said.

"On the way back then, after a successful venture," the shorter blond one said.

"After a successful venture, who knows," the tall blond gentleman said, "we may buy the town."

The two blond gentlemen from the public relations department of the Wheel of Fortune who had left their Coupe de Ville in the United States walked round Juárez, Mexico, to see, you might say, what they would get.



"No more either," the tall blond one said, "than one or two drinks. You might say we are the spark head of an expedition. There should be almost no drinking in the field."

"Almost none," the shorter blond gentleman agreed. He always agreed with the taller gentleman because the taller gentleman had been with the company one month longer than he had. He did not think himself a sycophant in continuously agreeing because the company had already been in existence six months and if they continued to get a raise each month, even by the salary route alone, they would soon each and all have a Caddy of their own and what man could ask for more? Uranium's got a wilder future than your dreams are made of. And whatever might be said by weird types against the young gentlemen from Houston, they knew their Horatio Alger.

They were on a street now just off the international bridge. It was jammed with peep shows, missions, prostitutes, beggars, priests, Texas millionaires, a Billy Graham road show, burros, Cadillacs, weeping and laughing women, Mexican gentlemen sleeping in the street, decomposing stone walls that did not a building make. But one of the walls said in biblical Gothic script: "Americans come here in, please to meet you. Very much.

Introduce you to lotsa woman. Imperishable drinkings and dancings until next year. Hello Joe. One hundred woman. Two hundred."

"You want to go in here?" the tall one asked.

"I guess so, it looks like a nice place," the short one said.

Inside the rim of the gilded gold, bright neon-jumping hole they entered it was pitch black. They could not see a thing. They brushed past several sub-entrances of black drapes before they ran into the owner who must have had cat's eyes or a spy on the outside because he said, "Hello, Joe."

"There must be some mistake," the tall one said in the dark. "I'm Garry de Grasppe of Fortune Drilling and this is my co-worker, Leland Hepburn the third, also with Fortune Drilling. We're on our way to Cuba, New Mexico."

"To help the Indians," the proprietor said.

"That certainly is a coincidence that you should know..."

"We get lotsa gentlemen coming through here on their way to help the Indians." The Mexican proprietor was shaped like a Japanese wrestler stuffed with rice for the main event. "This is the route that Coronado used when he helped the Indians. Come with me, Joe. We show you



a table."

The two gentlemen followed the noise of the proprietor moving ahead of them, brushing against tables the size of dimes until they arrived at the best seat in the house, right next to the dance floor. An orchestra struck up in the rear, five fat Mexicans lit with a ghoulis purple light. The proprietor ran out on the floor now and he was joined by two elderly Mexican females in a Conga line. The elderly Mexican females' wracked faces showed they had fought well in their youth.

"Fun, Joe. Fun!" the greasy proprietor hollered between going up and down, wriggling his rear end. "Everybody have fun, Joe. This last all year, Joe. Lotsa time to skin the Indians, Joe."

"I wish you hadn't called me Leland Hepburn the third," the short one sitting in the dark at the dime-sized table said. "They'll think we're trying to put on airs."

"You are what you are. One doesn't go through life being what one isn't."

"You got something there," Leland Hepburn the third said. "But what did he mean by skinning the Indians?"

"I think he was trying to be funny," the tall one said.

"It's people like that that discourage our legislation to free the Indians."

"And it's the Indians too, who don't know what's good for their own selves."

"Yet they're not savages."

"That's a word we never use."

They looked around now, their eyes becoming used to the darkness. The owner and the two elderly Mexican females who had fought well in their youth were still going up and down in the Conga line and wriggling their rears with the owner shouting, "Lotsa fun, Joe!" They were having quite a time.

"Those savages out there on the reservation," the short one said in the darkness of the night club, "they must really want to take their place in our civilization. It's the romantics among us that do all the damage."

"No, it's the Indian who's his own worst enemy."

"They've got to be protected from themselves."

"Check. But don't call them savages."

"Did I call them savages?"

"You did."

"Then I apologize."

They both felt tolerant and generous now and in need of a drink. The proprietor stopped the riotous Conga line and the orchestra went down into their hole. The proprietor came back to his best friends at the best table and he was not going to keep the women all to himself either.

"Chiquita and Ninita, I want you to meet Big Joe and Little Joe." They all sat down. "Benedictine and brandy all round. Oil people," the proprietor said to the waiter who appeared out of another hole.

"Actually uranium," the tall blond gentleman said.

"Same thing. Skin the Indians," the proprietor said.

"Frankly, I don't like your attitude," the tall one said carefully.

"Nor I, either," the short one said.

"I don't myself," the proprietor said. "Caramba! I think it's terrible. Let's have a Conga line, Joe. Have lotsa fun, Joe."

"No, because frankly I don't like your attitude."

"Nor I, either," the other one said.

"Then pay up and get out," the proprietor said in a different tone. "Twenty dollars."

"Ten," the big blond said, taking out a bill.

"Just right," the proprietor said, grabbing the bill. "Show the young gentlemen out."

As they were going through the air crossing the street they could see where they were going to land just beneath a *Tome Carta Blanca* sign and on top of two sleeping winos. "We apologize," they said, getting up. They straightened their clothes and entered the dense stream flowing down the street toward the Rio Grande.

"I still don't like his attitude," the tall blond said.

"Nor I, either," the short one said.

They were being swept down the street by the flow of animals, people, and things. They were wedged in between a woman and an old man trying to sell them something and a boy standing on a burro and holding a dog and trying to show them pictures. They were also being pushed along toward the river by a giant smell and tons of things that were being thrown out of windows and shoved out of doorways. A piece of tin roof fell near them and a radio drifted close advertising, in rapid machine-gun Spanish, a machine-gun. The tin roof sank. A long-boned man in a silk hat who said he was God drifted by announcing in a clear impartial voice the end of the world, followed by an English type who said he was left over from the Billy Graham road show and that the man in front of him, who must already be in the Rio Grande, was an impostor.

The two young gentlemen from the public relations department of the Wheel of Fortune Uranium Company of Houston, Texas, made one final surge to free themselves from the swarming tangle and smell of six generations of the North American continent and they were assisted by a console TV set, seven reels of a recent spectacular, and a pile of paperbacks that gave them a push so that they shot head first into the Amigos de los Americanos Liquor Store. There was an international brass band playing outside.

Inside the liquor store they demanded and got a wicker-bound gallon bottle of Jamaica rum with a counterfeit label for almost no money at all plus no tax.

"It hits the spot," the tall blond one said, drinking and then passing the bottle to his accomplice.

"It does, you know," the shorter gentleman said after he took a drink.

"Please, thank you very much," the Mexican liquor store owner, who was not running a funeral parlor, said. "It's against the law to drink in here."

The two young gentlemen took the wicker-bound gallon of rum with an interesting label back across the bridge and put it between them on the front seat of the Caddy. By taking drinks of it along the way it would help them to face the Cuba Indians.



By the time they got just outside Truth or Consequences, through no fault of the young gentlemen, it was impossible to tell which side of the road was which, and the blond driver was singing above the radio that was going too, "City gals they may be fine but give me that squaw of mine, roll along, covered wagon, roll along."

It was now also impossible for either of the two gentlemen to remember the name of the tribe the Wheel of Fortune Uranium Company was going to emancipate. The Apaches? The Navajos? The New York Yankees?

"We got to get hold of ourselves, boy," the tall one said as he took down a sign entitled "The Rotarians of Truth or Consequences Welcome You."

"You got zeal," the shorter one said. "Getting the Indians to sign will be pigeon soup."

The Indians near the trading post at Tonatai had taken their accustomed place inside the post for the meeting and they were now convinced that the trader, George Bowman, was going to ruin everything. The women were seated on the floor in all their jewelry with their babies stacked in cradle boards along the flour sacks. The women too were concerned that the white trader might ruin their day. The babies, leather bound into the cradle boards, did not care much one way or the other, but their serious, same faces looked up at their fathers' faces at the counter and mirrored their worry.

"Look, Sansi," one of their fathers said carefully to the trader. "Why do you want to ruin everything?"

The white trader, who was still working on the letter, put down his pen and looked up at More-Wives-Than-Anyone. (He had only two. He did not have more wives than anyone. He did not, for example, have more wives than A-Cover-For-All, who had four and his eye on another.)

"I don't want to spoil anything," the trader said quietly and for the seventh time to the dark and power-

fully square-built Indian with the hair bun on the back of his neck called More-Wives-Than-Anyone. "I don't want to ruin everything. I just don't want you to sign something away that you would regret later."

"But put yourself in their hogan, Sansi. You come all the way from Houston, Texas, to see the miserable Indians. Can we be rude? Would that be nice?"

The trader had been over this many times this afternoon so he did not look up from the marks he was making on the letter to say anything.

"They come all the way from Houston, Texas, and you wouldn't cross the trail to give us hello."

"Maybe not." The trader was annoyed now and went ahead with his marking in the ledger seriously.

"I withdraw that, Sansi. You come with your bottled magic when we're sick and credit when we're hungry. But all the way from Houston, Texas, is quite a thing even if they are dishonest. It's a long way to come even to steal something."

"It is," the trader said without looking up.

"Then they think highly of us."

"Of what you've got," the trader said.

More-Wives-Than-Anyone turned now to the ladies seated on the floor. He had made the trader concede something and he felt entitled to some small applause. The Indian women gave it to him with their eyes and the jiggle of their heads and they looked over to the Coca-Cola box for their hero to buy them Pepsis all round. More-Wives-Than-Anyone nodded his head to the trader's flunkey, Tom-Dick-and-Harry, that he would pick up the tab, and Tom-Dick-and-Harry began opening the bottles.

"One more victory and I'll be ruined," More-Wives-Than-Anyone said.

Paracelsus, the medicine man, came in now. He was dressed in a finely tanned leather jacket and matching moccasins. He must have divined that the Indians were baiting the trader because he gave More-Wives-Than-Anyone an annoyed look before he sat on a pile of sheep hides in the corner where he could speak to everyone.

"Why really, I hate to say this but this section of The People is so smart."

The others looked down on the floor.

"Why really, I hate to say this but you think nobody has a culture but yourselves."

The people shuffled their feet.

"Why really, I hate to say this but you think everybody on the big reservation is crazy. You think their religion gives them no togetherness with nature, has nothing to do with medicine, and is for the ignorant and the superstitious. You think their work is to go around in circles rapidly. You think their gods are the dollar, the big car, and inspirational books. You think they think what is good for the big car is good for the country and what is bad for the big car is good for the enemy. Why really, I hate to say this—" The medicine man hesitated now, began again and hesitated, and then said in a weak voice, "Why really, it is only in part true."

More-Wives-Than-Anyone was feeling set up. He half turned at the counter. He had won a great victory with-

out even opening his mouth. The medicine man had come in to do battle with him and the medicine man had knocked himself out. The victory was so complete, enormous, and sudden that More-Wives-Than-Anyone did not trust it; it might be pyrrhic. The medicine man might have laid an ambush. More-Wives-Than-Anyone said nothing, just rolled his body in the corner of the counter in front of the women on the floor and the babies at his feet, and hoped the medicine man would hit himself again.

"Oh, you're so smart, oh so smart, making me do that to myself," the medicine man said. "And I hate to say this but it is true that The People feel themselves so superior to the white man. You make no allowances for the fact that the white man never had an opportunity to become civilized, no allowance for the fact that he has spent all his time learning and studying without any opportunity to think. To you a white man is just an animal with just enough brains"—the medicine man looked out toward the mountain that held Los Alamos—"to build something complicated to kill himself with."

The medicine man got off the stack of sheep hides. "But that's not the terrible thing," he said, pacing the floor in front of the brown and stiff-boarded babies. "The terrible thing is that you've got me believing it. But there is a salvation," the medicine man said carefully.

The trader dropped his pencil. The word, any word that dealt with absolutes, always scared him.

"Our salvation lies," the medicine man said, thinking carefully, and in a low voice on which everyone hung. "Our salvation, our loss of arrogance" (he used the Indian word *asidsah*), "lies in helping these two white men from Houston. If they want the uranium, give them the uranium. If they want to get rich, rich, rich, let

them."

"You could use a few dollars yourselves," the trader said. All the Indians nodded in agreement.

"But, Sansi," the medicine man said with confidence, "we could all use a few hundred dollars but those people from Texas talk only of billions. What would a civilized Indian do with billions except perhaps become uncivilized?" All of the Indians nodded in agreement.

"But those particular people," the white trader said slowly to the medicine man, "are dishonest."

"Evil," Paracelsus said. "But I'm not their medicine man."

"But how do you know the whites will not put our uranium to peaceful things?" More-Wives said.

"They never have," the medicine man said.

"They could change."

"But evil does not change. Sin changes; it is a way of looking at things. They punish sin. They allow evil to grow great."

The other Indians did not agree this time; they did not want to rub anything in, and Paracelsus too went back quietly and sat on the hides.

The trader thought: we live and we change big or we do not live.

The trader let go of it with this and went back to his ledger, consoling himself with the knowledge that the Navajos in this allotment area, although it was not a true part of the reservation, could not lease the mineral rights to anyone without a tribal council okay, and the government Indian agency would not allow them to sign anything before a battery of Philadelphia lawyers looked at it. Nevertheless, if his Indians signed something it would tie the rights up in court for a long time with the Indians getting nothing.

"Look what I got." Silver-Threads had come in the door with a piece of yellow something. He had been to town playing professional Indian for the tourists in a costume that amused the Indians and on his way back he must have discovered this. He placed it on the counter.

"I found it in the Puerco Wash," he said. It was a beautiful object, yellow and chrome and all sparkling.

The medicine man, Paracelsus, touched it gingerly with his brown, turquoise-ringed finger.

"It must have something to do with the white man's religion but perhaps I can use it at our next *yebechai*."

The trader had been examining the chrome and yellow object with the care of an archeologist. Now he stepped away from it and the Indians waited for him to identify it correctly.

"It is," the trader said slowly with a scientific caution for the truth, "a left rear gas cap top, stop light, and combination design treatment for the fender fishtail section of a late fifty-four or early fifty-five Cadillac Eldorado or Coupe de Ville."

The Indians were impressed by this careful classification of another civilization.

"Then I was wrong about it being something to do with their worship?" Paracelsus, the medicine man, said.

The trader thought about this awhile and said, "You could be wrong."



The Indians were impressed by the scientific lack of certainty while the trader looked out at the dark lowering sky.

"You say you found this in the Puerco Wash?" the trader questioned Silver-Threads.

"Yes. Enormous wheel tracks going up the wash."

The trader looked out carefully at the sky now and with the same movement reached blindly for his large Stetson.

"We got to get going fast," he said. "Some white strangers are up the wash. They can't turn around in the Puerco and won't have enough knowledge to run before it's too late. The way the rain just broke on the mountain the water will come down with a fifteen-foot head."

The trader was already through the door with the Indians following. Outside, the sky above the Navajo country was very low, weighted down, black within a heavy dimension of black.

They got the taut, quick-dancing, wild-eyed horses pinned along the corral and threw on bridle and saddle. Rabbit Stockings got off first, pulling his wild, paint horse within a tight circle outside the corral. The trader came out now and pulled his lashing horse into another small circle alongside, then they both broke toward the cloud-shrouded mountain where the water had collapsed.

Lord Acton, Paracelsus, Silver-Threads, and More-Wives-Than-Anyone shot out of the corral all at once causing a storm of dust that enveloped them and the post and any sense of direction so that it was minutes before they caught Rabbit Stockings and the trader, long horsetails flowing and leveled out, running easily and fast beneath the gay striped flag rock of the Penistaja Mesa. Silver-Threads-Among-the-Gold flowed up in back of the trader, deepened his spur until he pulled up alongside, leaned out and over, and shouted in perfect Hollywood English, "Ride 'em, cowboy!"

At the Puerco Wash there was another tangle of gaudy, flashing horses within an explosion of dust before Rabbit Stockings picked up the trail and fled up the wash followed by all. The canyon rose, sudden, bright, and towering on both sides, the horses were diminutive, antlike, and scurrying toward the wall of water they could all hear now, the horses panicked and charging toward the equally charging wall of death, bearing down with all speed on each other, with the gentlemen from Houston, Texas, somewhere in between.

"This is a nice place," the tall gentleman from Houston said from his seat on the running-board section of the yellow Coupe de Ville. "But I don't think it's the main highway." He passed the gallon of rum to the other.

"I don't think so myself," the shorter blond gentleman said, taking the bottle. He paused now, the giant jug frozen in midair. "You hear something?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Look!"

Now they saw the wall of water like a sudden miracle in front of them as their extended, horror-risen arms were yanked almost from their sockets and their bodies flew behind the mad horses up the cliff. Everything was a giant roar and flashing of bright hooves in their cut

faces before they were deposited or thrown high on a pile of greasewood.

The horses, sobered now and thick-lathered, paced deliberately in figure eights above the heavy flood, the riders still helpless yet to talk. The two gentlemen from Houston, thrown on the greasewood, were too shocked seemingly to talk ever.

They all had a furtive glance at the yellow and chromed Coupe de Ville poised at the top of a crested, pig-and-chicken-house-foaming mountain before it collapsed, the yellow and chromed monster sucked within the great curling lip of water and smashed down somewhere deep into the banded iron-red earth from which it had so recently arisen.

"Sho'h. Sho'h. Sho'h," the medicine man said, dismounting and beginning a circle around the two whites which the others joined. They all seated themselves, none speaking, all still insensible from the sudden happenings. They all waited, deadened, for the medicine man to speak, to explain the happenings.

"You bring contract?"

"Yes, but after what happened we'll tear it up. We bring peace," the white man moaned low. "Peace."

"Sho'h," the medicine man said to the Navajos. *Sho'h*, the trader knew, meant listen. He stood on the outside of the circle while the medicine man repeated again, "Sho'h."

"The gods have taken away the white man's magic and cast it into the earth again. Sho'h. Listen."

The Navajos leaned forward.

"It could be a sign to all the earth surface people that we are responsible for the world."

"Sho'h. Sho'h," all the Navajos repeated.

"A sign that all the earth surface people are responsible for the world, but soon the world will go back into the world and bright objects will be no more and earth will become earth again like it was when The People came."

"Like it was when The People came," the Navajos chanted.

And the Navajos continued to chant, "Like it was when The People came," weird, rich chanting that became a polyphonic sing above the heavy flood.

Even after the trader left and was working his horse back slowly and alone beside the bright-banded mesa, he could still hear their high sing above the steady deep movement of the flood. They might have a sing far into the night, certainly until the loud, quick flood receded and the white men made their way back across the arroyo, back to the seething city, and all the quiet, sprawling land, shot with a fiery sky and empty with the weird, strange-shaped emptiness of the beginning, was again filled with the huge, awful silence—like it was when The People came.

The trader gentled his horse across a flat world of rock and sage, sharp and pungent with its perfume, alone, and the whole broad spread of the infinite land, still virgin from the oily chrome paw and smoke of civilization, still blessed—like it was when The People came. The trader was home now and he dismounted. ♦ ♦ ♦



Panoramic view of central stretch of San Roque Lake and the Sierra Chica

CORDOBA VS. NATURE

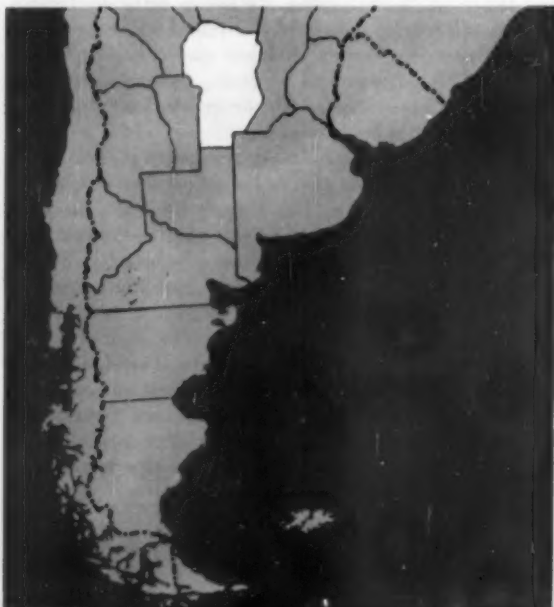
**An Argentine province fights
drought and floods**

JORGE R. EGUÍA

AFTER SAN ROQUE, at the time the highest dam in the world, was completed near Córdoba city, Argentina, in 1883, Carlos Cassaffouth, its designer, sent the plans of this bold engineering feat to his French friend Eiffel. "It makes my Paris tower look small," Eiffel exclaimed.

Today San Roque defends the city from avalanches of water, regulates the river flow, provides drinking water, moves electric generators, and feeds two extensive systems of irrigation ditches that water gardens and farms surrounding the city. It also forms a blue lake ringed by charming hills covered with native vegetation and the modern resort buildings of a flourishing tourist center.

Left: Dam sites in mountains of Córdoba Province. Map below locates province in southern South America



San Roque was the first of a series of dams designed to solve the problems of an Argentine province that has had to improve on nature. Córdoba's geographical situation has made it the victim of chronic droughts and occasional floods. Lying in the center of the country, some six hundred miles from the Atlantic, it is west of the south-to-north line followed by the prevailing winds that push along the big masses of clouds bearing moisture from the ocean.

A million and a half people live in Córdoba's 66,930 square miles of territory. Three quarters of the area consists of flat pampas, suitable for ranching and farming. The western quarter is cut by three north-south ranges of mountains, reaching altitudes of up to 7,540 feet, which are one of the main determinants of the wind currents that steer the clouds away from the interior. Nevertheless, there is rain, even though it is scanty, and five main rivers—named numerically—cross the province from west to east. Two others, Los Sauces and Cruz del Eje, flow between mountain ranges in the West. All are fed by mountain brooks.

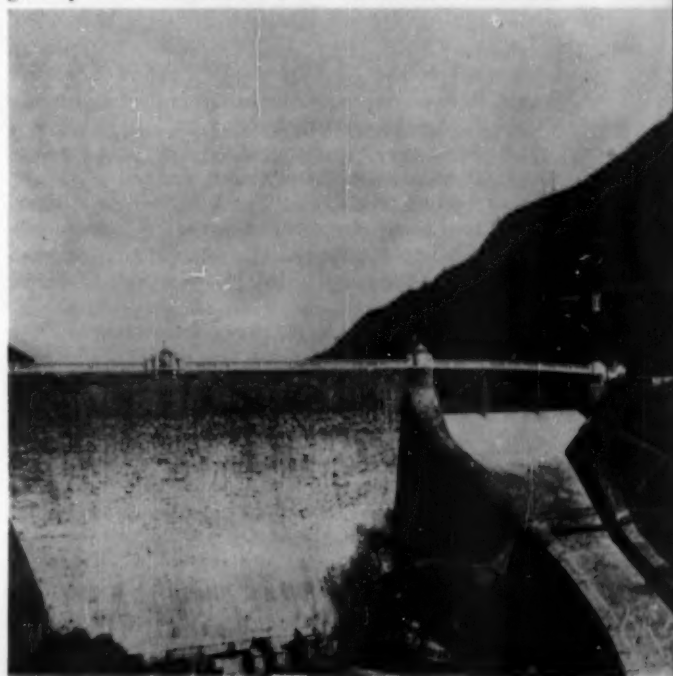
Thousands of years ago, these rivers were big and swift, especially the Río Primero (formerly known as the Suquia), which flows through the provincial capital, also called Córdoba. The broad trench it has cut all along its course, which is 6,560 feet wide and 164 feet deep where it passes the city, bears witness to its former might. All the Córdoba rivers today seem lost in the bottom of their old beds. But at times their streams grow big and rough in spring and summer. This is the only period when rain waters the region, almost always in the form of pelting squalls, providing a total annual precipitation of not more than twenty-four inches, which the rising rivers absorb and waste.

For the capital city, the situation eventually became really alarming. The annual rainy season inevitably brought the threat of floods and damage. Naturally, attempts were made to ward off the waters, but success was not attained until the old wall of what is today the San Roque Dam was finished. With this construction, Córdoba became the first province in Spanish America

to build such a structure with its own funds.

One might think that when Mr. Cassaffouth and his associate, Dr. Juan Biale Massé, found the solution for the problems that had so long harassed the city, the citizens would have made heroes of them. But various factors, including political passions, turned public opinion against them to such an extent that they were charged with malversation and incompetence and imprisoned for a year while the case was heard, until in the end they were justly acquitted.

In that time of trial, Cassaffouth and Biale demonstrated their strength of character. The former, who was a professor and dean of the School of Engineering and its representative in the provincial senate, refused to give up his duties and continued to teach from his cell.



Old San Roque Dam, built in 1883, protects Córdoba's capital city from waters of Río Primero

There he wrote out his lectures, which a volunteer assistant read to the class. Idealistic, tireless Biale Massé, another outstanding university leader, had been the field director of construction. He not only refused to give up his chair of forensic medicine, which he himself had founded, but continued his law studies in prison, in order to defend himself from the accusations. He also studied sociology and mastered that science so well that later he was called upon to help Dr. Joaquín V. González draw up the Argentine Labor Code.

Today, on other rivers, there are four more dams of equal importance, known as Río Tercero, La Viña, Cruz del Eje, and Los Molinos, and two smaller ones on the Los Alazanes and San Jerónimo rivers. Altogether, they have a water storage capacity of over two billion cubic yards, forming artificial lakes that cover 40,500 acres when full. Complementary facilities are under construc-



Yacht racing is a favorite sport on Córdoba's San Roque Lake

tion to take full advantage of their great irrigation and power potential.

The first of the other big dams, on the Río Tercero, was planned twenty years after San Roque was completed, as a project of the national government under a contract with the Central Railroad. Actual construction began in 1911 but, with various interruptions, was not finished until 1934. Like the others, this dam is located in the gorge where the river cuts its way out of the mountains.

The dam, of the "breakwater" type, has two sections. The first, or main wall, built of granite blocks with a waterproofing layer of reinforced concrete, rises 164 feet from the river bed and is 1,180 feet long. The top, twenty-three feet wide, carries the road connecting Córdoba with the city of Río Cuarto. The second section, about two miles away, is an earth dam only thirty-three feet high. With an area of 13,590 acres, the artificial lake behind the Río Tercero bulwark is one of the world's largest. Its basin embraces a large part of the Calamuchita Valley, a delightful tourist attraction.

The main generating station at the dam has a capacity of 15,000 horsepower, but regional demand is already running beyond that figure. Two other plants of equal capacity are being completed at subsidiary dams downstream, to take advantage of all the hydraulic potential. Plans call for irrigation canals to serve some 148,000 acres.

The dam-building program gained momentum in 1939-40 with the launching of three new projects. The most important, completed in 1944, is a new wall that replaces the old San Roque barrier at Córdoba. Located downstream from the original one, it will eventually hold water up to the 141-foot level, but the lake is being kept at 115 feet until additional land is acquired.

Downstream, there are three hydroelectric stations in steps. Like the wall, they belong to the province, but the federal government has decided to install another at the foot of the dam.

Next to go up was La Viña Dam, on the western slope of the mountains, which captures the waters of the Río de los Sauces. Of concrete arc design, it is one of the tallest in America, with a total height of 446 feet, of which 312 feet is above the river bed. One hundred and fifteen feet wide at the base, it narrows to ten feet at the top. Its watershed extends through valleys and ranges of hills covering 342 square miles. There is a 10,000-

Latest dam to be completed in Córdoba Province is this federal project on Río de los Molinos



View of Cruz del Eje Dam from downstream. Multipurpose barriers provide irrigation, electric power, flood control



New San Roque Dam. Water level is kept below capacity, will be raised when additional property is acquired for submersion



School children have an outing atop Río Tercero Dam, which carries a highway

horsepower hydroelectric plant, and the dam has an irrigation capacity of 66,700 acres.

Close on its heels came the buttressed Cruz del Eje

Dam in the northeastern corner of the province. Only 131 feet high, its three sections total 10,170 in length. It provides water for irrigating fifty-four thousand acres of rich, intensively cultivated land and producing a potential ten to eleven million K.W.H. of electric current per year at the foot of the dam.

During the same period, two other small dams, Los Alazanes and San Jerónimo, were built with provincial funds in a region so steep and so inaccessible at the time that materials had to be hauled in on muleback. They furnish water for mountain towns that are popular summer tourist centers.

Again in 1948 men and machines swarmed over the Córdoba mountainsides, and dynamite explosions resounded in their gorges, echoed a hundredfold by the hills. Foremen's orders gave feverish life to the scene, for work was beginning on another big dam. This one is a twenty-one-million-peso federal project on the Río de los Molinos. It is 262 feet high and about 820 feet long. Though the dam itself is completed and ready for water storage, the power plant is not yet in operation, and irrigation canals remain to be dug.

With these constructions the basic work of controlling the water has been completed. The other two main rivers, Río Cuarto and Río Quinto, have not been dammed, but their situation is different. Perhaps something could be done to protect the city of Río Cuarto, whose low-lying districts are subject to flood, and provide limited reservoir capacity, but nowhere on its course does that river offer a site for an extensive lake. The part of the course of the Río Quinto that lies within the province runs through flat land and offers no opportunity for significant hydraulic works.

The dams are having a healthy effect on the province's economy not only in the obvious direction of increased electric power and irrigation for farms and orchards.

High La Viña Dam perches on slope of Comechingones mountain range



Mules were needed to haul materials to remote dam site on Los Alazanes River

With the change the lakes make in the landscape, a growing stream of tourists annually invades the Córdoba sierras, whose temperate, dry climate offers continuous days of clear sunshine and mountain-fresh air, perfumed with the aroma of pennyroyal, mint, *peperina*, and other wild plants. All the lakes are excellent fishing spots, both for the native species and for the mackerel and trout with which the government keeps them stocked. Sailing draws other enthusiasts. Around the lakes, development companies have divided the land and helped people build tasteful, bright, modern villas.

Cassaffoush, Biale, and their daring companions started something that grew into a regional conscience. Imprisonment, trials, ingratitude, scarcity of money, technical difficulties—nothing mattered. Man needed to contain the waters, and he did. He needed to store them, and he did. The land and its sons demanded it. ♦ ♦ ♦





Les Sylphides. Program for tour comprises numbers from standard Ballet Theater repertoire

Ballet Theater flies south

IN MEXICO CITY on June 28, the Ballet Theater company of New York began dancing its way through Latin America. Under sponsorship of the U.S. State Department's program of international exchanges, the company is on a five-month tour of Central and South America.

The Ballet Theater is the representative dance troupe in the United States, with a repertoire which includes masterpieces from all periods of dance. Ever since its organization and first public appearance in 1940, the company has made a practice of developing a strong program of contemporary U.S. works while retaining a select number of classical ballets. The Ballet Theater was established as a foundation in 1948, and since then has maintained a school to train dancers and choreographers. As a foundation, with chapters in various cities, the company enjoys national support it could not otherwise obtain.

Ballet Theater's stay in Mexico was scheduled to run through July 10. Appearances are scheduled from July 11 to 14 in Guatemala, from July 15 to 19 in Costa Rica, and on July 20 and 21 in Panama. The troupe dances in Colombia from July 22 to August 14, stops in Ecuador from August 15 to 17, and finishes out the month of August in Peru. In September the company visits Chile from the first to the fourteenth, then moves on the fifteenth to Argentina, where it will remain through October 2. Appearances are scheduled in Uruguay from October 3 to 9, and the rest of the month is to be spent in Brazil. From November 1 to 20 the company will be in Venezuela, and after stops in Puerto Rico and Jamaica it will arrive November 28 in Cuba, where the tour will conclude on December 4.

The repertoire for the tour is the same that has been used in New York seasons and on previous tours. *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Design with Strings*, *Helen of Troy*, *Interplay*, *Rodeo*, and *Fall River Legend* are among the contemporary works; *Les Sylphides*, *Swan Lake*, *Theme and Variations*, and *Giselle* are among the classical offerings.

Latin American dancers who are regular members of the troupe are Lupe Serrano of Mexico, ballerina; male dancer Enrique Martinez of Cuba; and Laura Trueba of Mexico, member of the corps de ballet. Besides these dancers, the company will have the services of the young Colombian conductor Jaime León, who will assist musical director Joseph Levine, Nora Kaye, Igor Youskevitch, Rosella Hightower, and John Kriza will continue as stars of the company during the tour. ♦ ♦ ♦

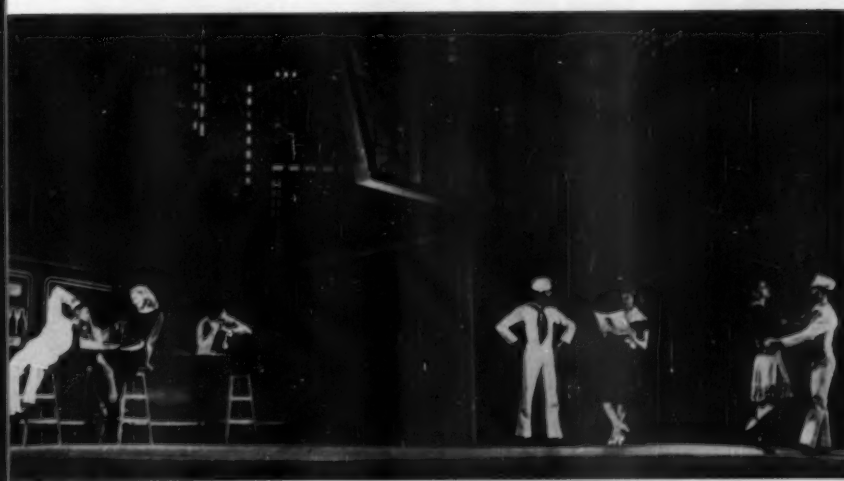




Colombian Jaime Le'n is assistant to conductor Joseph Levine on current tour



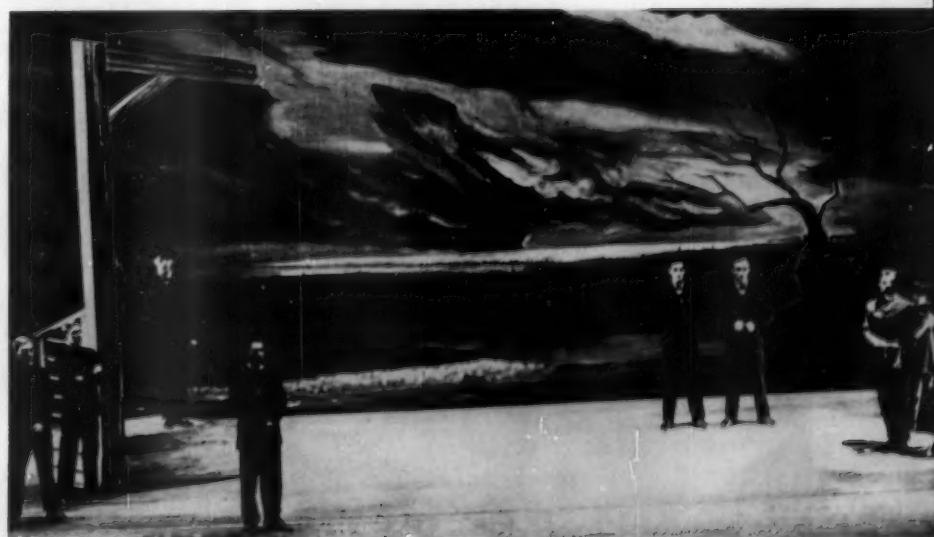
Lupe Serrano of Mexico is ballarina with company. Below: Rosella Hightower, one of troupe stars



Fancy Free, set in New York bar, is one of most popular "modern" items



Igor Youskevitch and Nora Kaye in pas de deux from Nutcracker Suite



Scene from Fall River Legend, Agnes de Mille's version of Lizzie Borden case

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



When Yugoslav chess champion Miro Radoicic (left) took on Washington's Pan American Chess Club singlehanded at the University Club recently, OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico watched this move against Colonel Manuel Córdova, Salvadorean Military Attaché. The Pan American Chess Club holds weekly meetings and is affiliated with the United States Chess Federation.

A group of Cuban labor leaders representing their country's medical services—drug stores, laboratories, and so on—consulted various PAU labor officials when they visited the United States under the Point Four program. They are members of their country's most powerful labor organization, the Cuban Workers' Confederation.



During the Art of the Americas show at the Pan American Union, Mrs. Leslie Judd Portner, *The Washington Post and Times-Herald* art critic, discussed the work with Miss A. Koesoemo Oetoyo, Second Secretary of the Indonesian Embassy and head of its cultural and educational division. The show, made up of selections from the International Business Machines Corporation fine arts department collection, illustrated a variety of trends in different periods. In the background are a Virgin of the Cuzco School (see inside front cover) contrasted with *Colonial Dance*, by the Uruguayan Pedro Figari.



Venezuela's fabulous public works program was the theme of the Venezuelan movie *Dinámica de un Ideal* (*A Dream Come True*), shown under the auspices of OAS Ambassador Tito Gutiérrez Alfaro of Venezuela (right) and Venezuelan Ambassador to the United States César González. At the showing Ambassador Gutiérrez Alfaro was joined by Dr. José R. Chiriboga, Ambassador of Ecuador to the OAS and the United States.

points of view



VIVA TEXASI

THE FAME of Texas tall talk is spreading. Here's what Pedro González-Blanco has to say about it in *La Nación*, daily paper of Ciudad Trujillo:

"... When a Texan leaves for St. Louis or Chicago, he says: 'I'm going to the United States.' In May 1945 a Dallas paper wrote that Texan troops had defeated the German, with the help of the Allies. . . . Cars along U.S. roads carry signs that read: 'Made in Texas by Texans.'

"... Texans don't let a minute go by without mentioning their heroes, beginning with the founders Stephen Austin and Sam Houston and ending—provisionally—with Dwight Eisenhower. . . . They tell about Colonel Bowie, who perfected the . . . bowie knife; the Texas Rangers, famous for getting their men. . . ; a military academy that turned out more officers [during World War II] than West Point; so many volunteers in the Canadian air force in 1941 that it was known as 'The Royal Texan Air Force'; 172 generals who in 1944 and 1945 led the victorious armies of Texas and their allies. . . .

"Texans are proud of not having been conquered. . . , of having been invited to join the United States, of

not having had to serve an 'apprenticeship' like . . . other states. The deal was negotiated as between two equal powers, and a clause in the 1846 treaty allows Texas to subdivide itself—whenever it sees fit—into five states. . . .

"Texas occupies one-twelfth of the United States, an area . . . as large as Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia combined. . . . It is 1,300 miles, as the crow flies, from El Paso, in the extreme west, to Beaumont, near the Louisiana border, and more or less the same distance from Texline [in the north] to Brownsville [on the Rio Grande]. . . . The only way to appreciate its size is to travel through the state [and see everything from] . . . ten-thousand-foot-high mountains to lagoons, from deserts like the Sahara to swamps complete with alligators. . . .

"Texas has more farms—384,000—and a larger cultivated area than the rest of the states together. . . . Above all, it is rice, cotton, and cattle-raising country. . . . But, for all its enormous agricultural output and its tremendous cattle production, Texas is a land of cities. Of the 7,800,000 residents—round numbers—more than three million live in the cities—Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, El Paso, Beaumont,

Port Arthur, and Austin, the capital. They call Dallas, with its population of 450,000, 'the Paris of America.'

"... Fort Worth—300,000 strong—is known as ['Cow Town'], where there are more wide-brimmed hats, more glittering spurs, and more tooled leather boots. . . . The largest slaughterhouses in the world are not in Chicago, as most people think, but in Fort Worth.

"... Houston, which has passed the 600,000 mark, is about thirty-seven miles inland, but has always yearned to be a big port. So they built a channel 330 feet wide and forty feet deep, thus making Houston the fourth largest port in the United States. . . . A quarter of a century ago there was not a single factory smokestack in Houston, but today it is one of the world's leading industrial centers.

"Oil is the prime factor in this development. On Texas land there are about a hundred thousand wells that yield roughly three billion dollars annually. Until 1901 it was not known that Texas floats on an oil lake. Now the state produces eight hundred million barrels per year, with California [its closest competitor] producing only 350,000,000. . . ."

At this point Mr. González-Blanco goes on to discuss the immense fortunes that have been amassed in Texas, reminding us of the young lady from Kentucky and the Texan who were boasting of the merits of their respective states. The Kentucky lass thought she had clinched the argument with the statement that there was enough gold in Fort Knox to build a wall around the whole state of Texas. "You go right ahead and build it, honey," the Texan replied. "If we like it, we'll buy it."

MAIL CALL

THIS EXTRACT makes us want to go home and attack that months-old pile of unanswered mail. Alfredo Cardoña Peña may have had that in mind when he included it in a tribute to Mexico's postmen that appeared in the weekly magazine *Voz*:

"... There is no greater pleasure than to open a letter you have long been hoping for. You read quickly, smiling or wrinkling your brow, depending on the contents. Then . . .

comes the second more leisurely perusal, and the third more concentrated. Faraway mothers travel . . . on these lightweight air-mail pages. Sweethearts and friends and relatives speak impetuously, intimately. . . . No 'invention' has better served human relations than mail. Distances melt away and time stands still. . . .

"Also, letter-writing is the most authentic form of literature. Great writers have left their best chapters in their correspondence. . . . For example, Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son are far superior to his studied literary efforts. . . .

"On the other hand, there is nothing more terrible than a note of sympathy. . . . No matter how hard you try to give comfort, you cannot help but add to the misery. . . .

"But letters, like flowers . . . have their 'season.' Obviously, it is December . . . when the postmen's bags overflow . . . with happiness for every home. . . . Bills seem to take a discreet vacation, only to crop up again in January. . . ."



Wanted Dead or Alive.—Mundo Uruguayo, Montevideo

DOWN WITH WIVES

"A tight-fisted couple had been longing to fly over the city. One fine day a pilot offered to take them up for twenty dollars apiece. The price was too high, so he made a special deal:

"If you promise not to say a word during the flight, I'll only charge you five dollars."

" . . . The pilot did a few loop-the-loops, power dives, and so on. When they landed, he said to the husband: 'You're really a brave man not to have made a sound, even when I flew upside down.'"

"Sure, but it was awfully hard not to yell when I saw my wife fall into space."—*Avante*, Tegucigalpa

MINIATURE MASTERS

CHILDHOOD is "a theater of endless surprises," Edmundo González del Real tells of the world of small painters in an article in *Letras del Ecuador*, a publication of the Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana in Quito:

" . . . About ten years ago I was faced with a serious problem. After analyzing my work objectively, I suddenly became aware of many shortcomings. . . . Children—I thought—are . . . still untouched by lesson-poisoning. . . . Therefore—I calculated—the cure . . . was to be found in the world of child artists. . . .

"With brush and paint in hand, the small artist faces the canvas as enthusiastically as he begins his favorite game. . . . He struggles valiantly with the materials, but his strokes are bold. His mouth twists in the direction of the most troublesome line. To a child the game of painting is serious indeed. . . .

"He does not paint only that bit of nature we see beyond his easel. He also paints the warmth of the sun on his shoulders, the odor of a distant, mysterious brook, the unseen house behind a pine tree. . . . He even draws the individual hairs on the head of the man resting under that pine. . . .

"His perspective is mental as well as visual. People, trees, and objects assume the dimensions the young painter . . . chooses. So a girl with floating braids and a stiff triangular skirt . . . is ten times larger than the men and women around her; even the nearby house is small in comparison. . . .

"In handling color, the child seems still more arbitrary. He does not paint things the color they are, but the color his limited experience says they should be. Thus, for a leaf that is actually

ANGELITOS...



"There's not a single mirror in our house."
"Then how do you tell if your face is clean?"
"By the towel."—*El Comercio*, Lima

yellow, he uses an intense shade of green. . . . A ray of sunshine through the clouds makes the whole sky seem red to him, and so carmine drips onto the land. . . .

"Distinct characteristics show up in the painting of different age groups. For example, a six-year-old draws . . . some men with three fingers and others with as many as fifteen. Legs sometimes sprout from their necks . . . or heads. . . . Houses all have a single door and one little window. Trees look like big green, red, or blue mushrooms. Animals' faces seem almost human. . . .

"From seven to nine years, he paints . . . fabulous monsters that attack brave children and are defeated by these small heroes. . . . Trees take part in the struggles—the good ones helping the hero and the bad protecting the monsters.

"At this age the child usually begins to question nature. Take, for example, the boy who had painted the landscape near the bottom of the page, with two or three blue strokes that ran off the top border. In between there was a wide blank space. I asked why he had not finished the picture. He said that he had, that he had painted what he saw.

"But why the gap between sky and earth?"

"His reply was another question: 'Isn't the sky way up there?'"

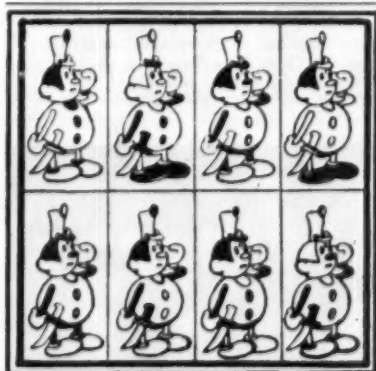
"Yes, it's far away. But what about that space we see between the trees at

the park entrance? Isn't that part of the sky? Haven't you noticed it's blue?"

"No, it's not blue. When we came into the park today and walked under those trees, I looked hard. It's not blue. It's not any color. That's not sky."

"... At around ten or eleven the painter... shows the first signs of dissatisfaction with his work. He erases more often, is more hesitant in using color. Sometimes he refuses to show his picture, saying that it 'didn't turn out good,' that he will do it again, that he wants to make it better...."

"At about twelve, the child handles his materials adeptly. Nature is no longer a problem; everything falls into logical order. He uses color boldly, and the results are extraordinary...."



According to the original caption, three of these figures are identical. We find only two. What do you think?—O Lingote, Rio de Janeiro

A LONG CLIMB

THIS thought-provoking article by "Xenofonte" appeared in *Umbra*, a monthly literary magazine published in Caracas and distributed gratis:

"Throughout the ages men have spent their lives seeking truth. Depending on whether they felt it lay in the supernatural, in reason, in erudition, or in beauty, they have followed the way of religion, philosophy, the sciences, or the arts, respectively.

"Each one has thought he has found truth and has tried to impose it on the rest.... This has given rise to arguments, revolutions, and wars.... All because truth has been considered an absolute concept, when it is always relative.... What was true several centuries ago has been superseded....

What is true for civilized people is not so for jungle natives. Even within a civilized nation each individual has his own truth, according to his degree of culture. To go on, within the same cultural group each has his truth, depending on the family and social environment in which he has been raised. Furthermore, given identical environments, temperamental reactions will still make some have a different concept of truth than others.

"Actually, truth is an endless stairway, and each man is on a step. If we try to make another person skip several steps to reach us, and we aggravate the situation by not recognizing his right to be where he is, the result is an argument. But if... we go down and help him climb the steps one by one, ... letting him rest when the effort is too great, then there can be no disagreement...."

EH?

"Mr. Vasconcelos phoned home one afternoon:

"Is that you, honey? Will it be okay if I bring a couple of friends home for dinner tonight?"

"Of course, darling, that'll be wonderful."

"Excuse me, madam. I must have the wrong number."—*Mañana*, Mexico City

DAFFYNITIONS

FROM TIME TO TIME we have reprinted some of Carlos Drummond de Andrade's ideas for a "Dictionary of Cariocan Literature." Here are more, which appeared in the same paper, *O Estado de São Paulo*:

"**Bookstore**—Place where young ladies without boy friends buy romantic novels before going on vacation.

"**Illustrator**—Artist who does not read the poem or story, in order to give a better interpretation.

"**Image**—Poetic figure used to make sense out of an abstract, or even non-existent, idea.

"**Juvenile**—In conjunction with the word literature it indicates crimes and stratospheric adventures that bore the youngsters with their sameness; hence, they are harmless.

"**Kafka**—Czech writer born, by a trick of fate, before some Brazilian authors.

"**Message**—Contents of a literary work that coincides with our own convictions. Or, in an off moment, we at least think so.

"**Modern**—Individual of undetermined age... who speaks ill of others of a determined age.

"**Novelist** (of the people)—Specialist in cuss words.

"**Old man**—Person who cannot see our greatness, even with bifocals.

"**Plagiarism**—Technique of forcing an earlier author to return the ideas that should have been ours. This takes talent.

"**Poem**—Everything.

"**Poet** (of the people)—Individual charged with keeping the people from enjoying poetry. Religiously carries out his mission.

"**Precursor**—Character we invent to prove that our contemporaries have done nothing new.

"**Pseudonym**—Trick to lure the unsuspecting into reading what they would not read if they saw it under the author's real name.

"**Reading**—Secret vice. Mental hygienists consider it detrimental to a literary career.

"**Review**—Literary critics' ideal. Easy to write and easier to read. It makes the person to whom it refers feel fine. A good review should include either 'one of the best' or 'one of the three or four greatest.'

"**Rewrite man**—Person responsible for some of our literature's best pages. No author should be without one.

"**Rhyme**—Repetition of a sound..., which produces a pleasing effect in our own poems. An underhanded trick when used by others.

"**Translator**—Patient individual who is versed in two or more languages and thus avoids being an author.

"**Trip** (to the United States)—Way to get scientific knowledge and duty-free electrical gadgets."

LUCRE OF LOVE

"The young man was very much in love, and even more in debt. His bride-to-be, daughter of a wealthy businessman, sighed:

"Honey, how will we manage if we get married? We can't live on love alone."

"Sure we can, if your father loves you enough."—*Bohemia*, Havana



Mrs. Vallarino's hobby is trimming her own hats—these are part of her latest collection—but her charitable activities leave her only limited time for it. In Panama she devoted her mornings to her duties as chairman of the Gray Ladies of the Panamanian Red Cross and spent several hours a day at the children's and maternity wards of the Santo Tomás Hospital, where she headed a group composed of doctors' wives.

EMBASSY ROW

Dr. Joaquín José Vallarino, new Panamanian Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, divides his reading between medicine and law—evidence of a distinguished double career. After his father's death in 1905 his mother took the children to the United States, and Dr. Vallarino graduated from Townsend Harris Hall in New York. When the family returned home, he stayed on to attend college in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, then took his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania. Between 1915, when he went back to Panama after internship and residency in Philadelphia, and 1936 he was associated with the government Santo Tomás Hospital, and from 1920 until his recent appointment to Washington was assistant surgeon and radiologist at the privately operated Herrick Clinic and Panama Hospital. Dr. Vallarino's discovery in 1922 of the lesions caused by amoebic infection of the colon won him a medal from the American Medical Association. Though he modestly calls the discovery accidental, he refers to it with pride, for eminent radiologists consider him the pioneer in this work. He is also proud of his rank of captain in the Panamanian Fire Department, whose medical chief he has been since 1940. As a public official, Dr. Vallarino has been Secretary of Justice (1931), Minister of Foreign Affairs (1931-32), and a member of the National Electoral Board (1932-36). From 1945 to 1948 he served in the same ambassadorial post he now holds. He was also Panamanian Governor of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development in 1946. He has represented his country at many international conferences. His alma mater, Franklin and Marshall, awarded him an honorary LL.D. in 1947. He believes that the primary achievement of the OAS lies in the juridical field: "The recent peaceful settlement of the Costa Rica-Nicaragua case is particularly outstanding. Formerly, the OAS was considered by many as only a spiritual concept, but now it has proved to be also an organization of action."



The Vallarinos' grandchildren—Pedro ("Pete"), Carolyn, Roberto Ramón ("Monche"), Susan, and Joaquín José III ("Jake")—are the children of their son Joaquín José, a Dartmouth graduate, and his U.S.-born wife. The younger Vallarino manages his parents' fifteen-thousand-acre cattle ranch, to which the Ambassador, liking nothing better than "riding horseback all over the *hacienda*," hopes eventually to retire. The Vallarinos' daughter, Hilda Isabel, is also married and lives in Panama City.



To the furnishings of the beautiful Embassy near Rock Creek Park the Vallarinos plan to add some examples of Panamanian handicrafts.



An enthusiastic golfer for thirty-five years, the Ambassador plays regularly at a Washington country club "in order to keep young." He has been a sports fan since his college days, when he was particularly fond of boxing and tennis but also played baseball, football, and basketball. In Panama Mrs. Vallarino used to call herself a "baseball widow," but the Ambassador now finds fewer free hours to spend at the ball park.



books

A COLLECTIVE HISTORY OF CUBA

THE ALREADY COPIOUS historical bibliography of Cuba was enriched in 1952 with the longest and most comprehensive study so far published concerning the Pearl of the Antilles: *Historia de la Nación Cubana*. Not enough attention has been paid this magnum opus, on which some twenty-six men and one woman collaborated, each contributing one or more chapters dealing with his special field. The four scholars principally responsible, under whose authority and direction the book was written and published, are Drs. Ramiro Guerra, Emeterio S. Santovenia, José M. Pérez Cabrera, and Juan J. Remos. The first three are well-known historians, familiar to anyone in the United States reasonably well acquainted with the historical bibliography of Cuba. Remos, the fourth, is probably a new name to most U.S. specialists. He is the most prolific historiographer of Cuban literature, having already published a treatise in three lengthy volumes and a compendium of nearly five hundred pages for the benefit of college and university students, besides several other books and monographs dealing with Cuban culture. Remos is not the only professor or critic of literature who has collaborated in this work; so have Professor Raimundo Lazo and the critics Félix Lizaso and Francisco Ichaso.

The first two chapters of the first volume, pertaining to the primitive peoples of Cuba and their respective cultures, were written by Juan Antonio Cosculluela. Julio Le Riverend Bruson wrote a series of chapters on Cuban economic life, while professor Elias Entralgo furnished an illuminating essay on the social history and social integration of the island. The evolution of the plastic arts is competently presented by Professor Luis de Soto and Rafael Marquina. To the musicologist Gonzalo Roig, conductor of the Havana Symphony Orchestra, was given the task of describing the character and evolution of Cuban music. Dr. Cosme de la Torre, former Secretary of State, ex-Ambassador to Washington, and onetime president of the League of Nations, contributed a monograph on Cuban diplomacy and Cuban relations with the United States. The scientific progress made by Cuba

is described by Dr. Mario Sánchez Roig, and the educational development by Mrs. Mercedes García Tudurí. Several other aspects of Cuban life are also adequately recounted here by men well versed in these matters.

The nature of the book explains the somewhat unusual title. This is not a history of Cuba in the conventional academic sense, relating primarily its political events. It is rather a history of the Cuban nation as a whole, covering practically every aspect of its cultural, social, political, economic, and historical life, setting forth the contributions it has made to the cause of progress and civilization. Needless to say, there is a certain amount of overlapping and duplication of effort, perhaps unavoidable because it was written by so many authors who covered a great number of related subjects.

U.S. scholars, so prone to extreme specialization, might find rather peculiar this association of historians with men of letters, critics of fine arts, sociologists, economists, and so forth. Nor is it likely that the encyclopedic character of the book will meet a favorable reception among them. There is, nevertheless, nothing queer or inadvisable in this humanistic approach and combination of talent and efforts. I for one wish it were more common. Since scholars equally at home in a multiplicity of fields, like Vernon Louis Parrington, for example, are scarce, the best substitute is collaboration. Specialists tend to disassociate and isolate the historical phenomena from the concomitant cultural, economic, and social processes which in the reality of life appear interrelated and even interdependent. This is particularly evident in a country like Cuba, where economic factors have played such a paramount role in conditioning its historical events. Similarly, men of letters in that island have been, for a century and a half, actual prime leaders of political and social movements, thereby becoming historical figures as well. They molded the thinking of the Cuban people, propounded ideals, and finally compelled the masses into action. These men influenced and shaped the destinies of Cuba at least as much as its heroes of the independence wars. How could men like Father Varela, Heredia, Saco, Luz y Caballero, Martí, Sanguily, Varona, the whole *autonomista* generation, and so many others be divorced

from the historical development of the island and the aspirations of its people? All of them contributed to the awakening and framing of national consciousness; they forced the hand of destiny with their doctrines and patriotic crusades. If there is a country whose history should be written in an integrated way, taking into account its economic and cultural processes, that country is Cuba. Hence the felicitous plan employed in the work under consideration.

Not all the manifestations of Cuba's past and contemporary history are equally well covered in this encyclopedia, nor are all authors of equal caliber. The three main aspects most thoroughly studied are pure history, the economic evolution, and the literary currents of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The other fields are much more synthetically presented. Yet readers not amply conversant with them will find these epitomes of Cuban music, plastic arts, science, sociology, education, diplomacy, juridical innovations, and the like enlightening and very useful. At times there is perceptible a nationalistic tinge or a thinly disguised proclivity to overlook or exonerate the Cuban people and their mandatories from responsibility in the failures of democracy, orderly political processes, and public morals during the fifty years of independent life examined in the last three volumes. The blame for Cuban democratic frustrations and defaults is shared—and shared alike—by the people of the island and the United States.

The first four volumes refer to the pre-Columbian cultures and the colonial period down to 1868, the date when the ten-year war of independence began. From 1868 to 1878 the Cuban people struggled heroically to achieve liberation from Spain. This epic endeavor culminated in a stalemate in 1878. Both sides agreed to a pact, well aware that it would be only a truce. So it was. On February 24, 1895, armed strife was resumed and continued with unabated fury and devastation until July 1, 1898, when the joint U.S. and Cuban armies defeated the Spaniards entrenched in Caney and San Juan in a battle which practically put an end to the misnamed Spanish-American War. Two days later, on July 3, the six old ships that Spain had in the bay of Santiago were destroyed. The pitiful inferiority of the Spanish navy in that encounter may be realized by the losses suffered by each side: all six Spanish ships were sunk or destroyed, with 350 lives lost and 160 wounded. On the U.S. side, no ship was even crippled and there were only one dead and one wounded. Thus finally came to an end the struggle for the independence of Cuba after fifteen years of devastation in which the rural industries of the island were literally reduced to ashes. There is no other example in modern history of such misguided and stupid policy as that adopted by Spain in regard to Cuba—except perhaps the one she had followed from 1810 to 1825 in the rest of Spanish America.

The period from 1868 to 1902, when the first American military occupation of Cuba came to an end, is covered in volumes V, VI, and VII. The last three volumes are devoted to the first fifty years of the republican era. The intensive study of the last eighty-four years of

Cuban life—1868 to 1952—represents the principal achievement of this scholarly work. The reader whose acquaintance with the subject is scanty may be surprised at the apparent lack of proportion in this book: only four volumes dedicated to the first four centuries, and the six most extensive to only eighty-four years. It is hardly necessary to explain that the year 1868 marks the emergence of Cuba as a nation with a well-defined autochthonous character and a will to achieve its independence. Thenceforth the historical and cultural processes of the island were accelerated and intensified. Hence the attention paid to this period in the book.

It is not my desire to analyze in detail each one of the ten volumes of this history, but only to call its publication to the attention of professors and librarians. Specialists will doubtless find deficiencies and errors in this work, but no one interested in Cuban-U.S. relations—or in the history and culture of the island—can afford to ignore or disregard it.—*Manuel Pedro González*

HISTORIA DE LA NACIÓN CUBANA, edited by Ramiro Guerra y Sánchez, José M. Pérez Cabrera, Juan J. Remos, and Emeterio S. Santovenia. Havana, Editorial Historia de la Nación Cubana, S.A., 1952. 10 volumes



PSEUDO ADVENTURE

TO THE INCREASING NUMBER of adventure stories, Edward Weyer, Jr., has added *Jungle Quest*. Dr. Weyer, a trained anthropologist who has been editor of *Natural History Magazine* of the American Museum of Natural History of New York since 1935 and president of the Explorers Club for the past two years, describes the events leading to his 1953 expedition to central Brazil and his venture into the country of the Chavante and Camayura Indians—the upper regions of the Xingú River in northern Mato Grosso—to meet Orlando Villas Boas, of the Indian Protection Service. As pure adventure writing his account is definitely below average, as popularized anthropology it is neither well done nor wholly accurate, and as a contribution to our understanding of any of the Indians of central Brazil it fails to add anything new. The reasons for these unfortunate shortcomings apparently are twofold: first, Weyer let the quest for “adventure” dictate too often his actions and writings; and second, overstatement was utilized to gain suspense and adventure in situations where real adventure is actually relatively infrequent.

The purpose of his trip is stated early in the book: "The more I heard of the career of Orlando Villas Boas, the more astonished I became. Many before him had been massacred by the Indians. In a day when civilized people were finding it hard to make peace, it seemed worthwhile to look at a man who singlehandedly had made peace with one group of savages after another." Now, although the work of this man is admirable, he is just one of many in the employ of the Brazilian government who have contributed their part in making contacts with the Indians of the Brazilian interior. Weyer further exaggerates the true situation and builds suspense by making it sound as though he were on the track of a "lost man," something like Colonel Fawcett, rather than a person who is relatively easy to reach today as a result of the airplane, outboard motor, radio communication, established government outposts, and so on. To add further indignity to the discussion of this man and his work, the author in several places calls Orlando Villas Boas a "virtual ruler of an area the size of New England."

In search of this "legendary" man, Weyer, at times in a rather peculiar style of writing and at times by gross exaggeration of the actual situation, describes two encounters with Indians while he is waiting for Villas Boas to return. His first encounter, in the company of government officials and a priest, is with a Chavante group, which he describes in glowing adjectives and adverbs more appropriate to a naïve tourist than to a trained anthropologist. To add constant suspense to the venture and to emphasize the danger of the situation, he digresses into detailed accounts about all the people the Chavantes have killed over the years. Moreover, when the party, returning from the Chavante encampment, stops for dinner at what sounds to me more like a *caboclo's* house than an Indian settlement, Weyer says: "A cannibal cauldron was steaming on a raised hearth." What kind of vessel is that?

After this brief visit Weyer takes advantage of an invitation from a Portuguese-speaking Camayura Indian to visit his village on Lake Ipavú. Weyer insists in two places that this village had never before been visited by a white man, even though he admits the Indians had seen "outsiders" elsewhere. Again the overemphasis of a point to add zest to the adventure and to imply that therefore he was doing something unusual or going to find out unusual things about their way of life. The Camayura are in fact one of the best known tribes of this part of Brazil. They were first visited by Karl Von Steinen in 1887. More recently scientific data has been gathered by the Roncador-Xingú Expedition and by expeditions of the Central Brazil Foundation, the National Museum, and the Indian Protection Service. Scientific anthropological reports have been written on the Camayura, especially by Kalervo Oberg and Eduardo Galvão. It is unfortunate that another anthropologist, Weyer, has chosen to turn his experiences among the frequently visited Indians of the Upper Xingú into an adventure story. So well has he fooled fellow "explorers" unfamiliar with South America that the following statement by one of them is carried on the jacket of the book:



Edward Weyer, Jr., displays Explorers Club flag in front of hut he occupied on visit to Brazilian Camayura tribe. From *Jungle Quest*

"Alone and unarmed Dr. Weyer went into one of the wildest and least known regions of the world. That he survived to write this narrative is amazing." Such a comment is preposterous.

Jungle Quest is full of philosophical and pseudo-scientific digressions explaining man's progress or lack of it, the comparative adaptability of the Eskimo and the Camayura to mechanical gadgets (a train of thought developing out of the failure of the Camayura to open Weyer's trick penknife), and comments on many other divergent subjects. These neither add flavor to the discussion at hand nor are they wholly accurate and in agreement with current anthropological fact and theory. It is unfortunate that, trained in anthropology, Dr. Weyer so often ignored the principles as well as the scientific literature of this discipline. As a journalist he might be excused for some of his comments; as an anthropologist he must be censured.—Clifford Evans, Jr.

JUNGLE QUEST, by Edward Weyer, Jr. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1955. 198 p. Illus. \$3.50

ROSY FUTURE

A VISITOR GOING TO PUERTO RICO for the first time would be unlikely to appreciate the enormous progress of the last decade. But the change has been so great and has come so rapidly that anyone returning after an absence of even a few years finds it easy to believe the statement that the island has developed more in that period than in all the previous years since Columbus discovered it. A United States possession since the war against Spain in 1898, Puerto Rico was long regarded as an example of colonial neglect, as a tropical slum; nowadays it is often singled out as an example of what people having almost no resources except courage and imagina-

tion can accomplish. It has been spoken of as a laboratory whose experiments may influence underdeveloped countries far from its own shores. In *Transformation*, Earl Parker Hanson tells how, under the leadership of Governor Luis Muñoz Marín and other leaders of the Popular Party, founded by Muñoz in 1940, a poverty-ridden people shook off the hopeless fatalism into which "the anguish of colonialism" had sunk them and set themselves to achieve their economic salvation.

The heroes of Mr. Hanson's story are the Puerto Rican people and their leaders; the villain, colonialism. The first chapters are devoted to the island's early history and atmosphere, with here and there an anecdote which reveals the old colonial climate more tellingly than any amount of historical data. Necessary as these chapters are as background, it is with recent events, especially those which Mr. Parker knows at first hand, that the book makes its greatest impact.

It is a story that needed telling. As Dr. Rafael Picó, one of the gifted men who have been key figures in the dynamic effort Governor Muñoz christened "Operation Bootstrap," points out in his brief foreword, it is a story which is "not as yet fully appreciated by the rest of the American public."

In Latin America, with its feeling of sympathy and brotherhood for Puerto Rico, it has been easy for interested pressure groups (mostly Puerto Rican) to conjure up a blurred vision of certain aspects of federal-insular relations. Mr. Hanson's explanations of the new political relations between San Juan and Washington may help to clarify the situation.

For the average North American, the book will be an eye-opener. With his high standard of living, he is apt to take for granted things which millions in less happy lands are still trying to achieve. Mr. Hanson is probably right when he says that the Puerto Rican effort is appreciated more in the world's underdeveloped areas than in the United States, especially in New York City, where the concentration of hundreds of thousands of Puerto Ricans has created social problems.

Be that as it may, the governments of underdeveloped countries have been able to make good use of Puerto Rican experts, and education, public-health, housing, and finance techniques used in Puerto Rico are now being applied in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, West Africa, and the Caribbean. Visitors and students from Burma, Egypt, Formosa, the Gold Coast, Guam, Hawaii, India, Indonesia, Israel, Italy, Japan, Liberia, New Zealand, Nigeria, Pakistan, the Philippines, Rhodesia, Spain, Tanganyika, Thailand, the Union of South Africa, the Latin American republics, and other Caribbean islands have come to Puerto Rico to observe its methods.

It is this aspect which Chester Bowles, former United States ambassador to India, emphasizes in his introduction. "Nowhere," he writes, "except perhaps in the agricultural settlements of Israel or in some of the industrial and village projects of India, have there been pioneering efforts at economic development which match in promise the techniques recently evolved in Puerto Rico. . . . The words and works of Puerto Rico's governor could speak

. . . eloquently if they were made available to Asia today." Mr. Bowles, as a matter of fact, invited Governor Muñoz several times to visit him in India.

Mr. Hanson knows Puerto Rican affairs well. For twenty years he has been following them closely and for part of that time, participating in them. He was an official of the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration, a New Deal effort to help the island out of the economic morass of the thirties, and has returned to the island several times since then. He has known Muñoz for many years: one of the most interesting parts of the book is the description of Muñoz' growth from a Greenwich Village bohemian into a dedicated political leader. He also knows Muñoz' associates—Rafael Picó, for many years chairman of the Planning Board; Dr. Antonio Fernos Isern, Resident Commissioner in Washington; Teodoro Moscoso, head of the Economic Development Administration; the late Jesús Piñero, who was the first Puerto Rican to hold the governorship; Sol Luis Descartes, treasurer; Jaime Benítez, chancellor of the University; Rafael Cordero, comptroller; Antonio Colorado of the Department of Education's Division of Community Development—and other Puerto Ricans like the writer and historian Tomás Blanco, whose views differ from Muñoz'; and continentals who have participated in the administration of insular affairs. He has, besides, lived in several countries; having points of comparison, he can see Puerto Rico in perspective.

The beginning of Puerto Rico's transformation took place in 1940, when Muñoz' newly founded Popular Party won the elections. With the cooperation of Governor Rexford G. Tugwell—and the Populares were fortunate in not having to cope with one of the long line of typical colonial governors—the Populares were able to institute badly needed reforms, such as enforcement of the law limiting the land holdings of sugar factories to five hundred acres, and to begin the effort to change over from a one-crop economy to diversified industrialization and agriculture. In the succeeding ten years, the per-capita income has been doubled, a new factory opens for business each week, the birth rate has been reduced as economic and social conditions have improved, malaria has been eradicated, the incidence of tuberculosis has been greatly reduced, the much-publicized slums have for the most part been replaced by modern housing projects, and new techniques, such as community development, are being used in education. In addition, in 1952, through a Puerto Rican-drafted constitution, the insular and federal governments entered into a compact which, Mr. Hanson believes, has brought more dignified and co-operative relations between Puerto Rico and the continental United States.

It has been said that Mr. Hanson paints too rosy a picture. Whether or not that is so, time will tell. Meanwhile, the *jibaros* who can now afford shoes for the first time and who, also for the first time, see reason for hope, may find it easy to share Mr. Hanson's enthusiasm.—*Josefina de Román*

TRANSFORMATION, by Earl Parker Hanson. New York, Simon and Schuster, 1955. 416 p. Illus. \$5.00

Know Your Colonial Neighbors?

PART II

Answers on page 44

Each of the capital cities in the right-hand column below belongs to one of the colonial possessions in the other column. Can you match each capital with its proper territory and designate whether the mother country is Great Britain, France, The Netherlands, or the U.S.A.?

BARBUDA	1. FORT-DE-FRANCE
FRENCH GUIANA	2. ROAD TOWN
BAHAMAS	3. ST. GEORGE'S
SAINT-PIERRE & MIQUELON	4. SCARBOROUGH
SURINAM	5. BRIDGETOWN
TURKS & CAICOS ISLANDS	6. BOTTOM
BERMUDA	7. PARAMARIBO
MARTINIQUE	8. CAYENNE
TRINIDAD	9. SAINT-PIERRE
BARBADOS	10. HAMILTON
SABA	11. CODRINGTON
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS	12. NASSAU
GRANADA	13. PORT-OF-SPAIN
TOBAGO	14. GRAND TURK

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 3 Twentieth Century-Fox, courtesy Motion Picture Association of America
- 4 Courtesy MPAA—Robert Hawkins, courtesy MPAA
- 5 Alexander Kahle, RKO Pictures, Inc., courtesy MPAA—Courtesy MPAA
- 6 Courtesy MPAA (2)
- 7 Kurt Severin
- 8 Courtesy Banco de la República, Colombia (2)
- 9 Kurt Severin (2)
- 10 Nos. 1 and 2, Kurt Severin—Gerardo Reichel-Dolmatoff
- 11 Nos. 1 and 2, Kurt Severin—Nos. 3 and 4, Gerardo Reichel-Dolmatoff
- 12 No. 1, Kurt Severin—No. 2, courtesy Banco de la República, Colombia
- 13 Wide World Photo
- 14, 15 A. S. Landry
- 16 Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, Holden S. McClung—Nos. 2, 5, 7, A. S. Landry
- 17 Holden S. McClung
- 18 A. S. Landry
- 19, 20, 21 Eduardo Tausz
- 28 Jorge R. Eguía—Map No. 1, after Grandal
- 29, 30, 31 Jorge R. Eguía (6)
- 32 Courtesy Ballet Theater Foundation (2)
- 33 No. 1, James Abresch—Courtesy Ballet Theater Foundation (5)
- 34 No. 1, A. Zorrilla—F. Adelhardt (3)
- 38 F. Adelhardt (5)
- 40 Leroy Preudhomme

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ADDICT

Dear Sirs:

I was delighted to find a fellow addict of the classifieds in Armando Pires, whose charming article "Ads Infinitum" was in the May issue. I always turn to that section of the paper first to find out what's being exchanged in the world. Just yesterday, for example, there appeared a plea for TV repairs in exchange for automobile repairs. Congratulations to Mr. Pires!

Nancy Seegers
McLean, Virginia

IOLE!

Dear Sirs:

As a Texan, I felt a great sense of pride and satisfaction when I opened the May issue of AMERICAS and found an interesting article on Mr. Jack Danciger. Mr. Danciger is justly called "The Voice of the Southwest's Conscience." Year after year Mr. Jack has worked to improve understanding between races. The magnificent progress that has been made in our section of the country in overcoming racial discrimination is largely the work of men of his caliber.

It is good to see AMERICAS comment editorially on the achievement of private individuals, for if the idealistic goals of Pan Americanism are ever to be attained, the Good Neighbor Policy must be thought of as something more than just the activities of the twenty-one American governments. . . . Activities such as those of Mr. Danciger reveal how much can be achieved on the non-governmental level.

James C. Parish, Jr.
Editor, *Central America*
and *Mexico*
Houston, Texas

COSTA RICAN TEACHER

Dear Sirs:

The enclosed photo shows Mrs. Margarita Dobles of Costa Rica pointing out her home on the globe to pre-school students Barbara Potter and Peter Ostrander of Palo Alto, California. It appeared in the *Menlo Park Recorder* a few days before the recent annual fair at the parent-owned Peninsula School in Menlo Park. The children and Mrs. Dobles are in costume, since this year's fair was planned around an international theme.

Mrs. Dobles was one of a group of foreign students at Stanford University who presented a program of authentic songs and dances from their homelands. She is studying education and, in line with this, has been conducting a project with the



Peninsula School children. She is very fond of the youngsters, and they of her.

We thought this a particularly vivid expression of inter-American friendship and hope you may find space in *AMERICAS* so that others may enjoy it as we have.

Shirley A. Eastman
Atherton, California

A MATTER OF SLANG

Dear Sirs:

I always enjoy reading the Portuguese edition of *AMERICAS* and have long followed the Brazilian papers. After more than ten years of spare-time work I have almost completed an extensive English-Portuguese dictionary, on which I have done all the actual compilation myself, though I have had much help from Brazilian friends who feel as I do that a modern work of this type is sorely needed. My interest in the language, that is, is more than cursory. But the three enclosed clippings contain expressions that are beyond me.

1. In speaking of the financial losses sustained by the Second Biennial Exhibition, the paper says that besides the normal expenses the São Paulo Museum of Modern Art has to face, the Biennial is another *cacife*. In what way does this differ from *parada* (a challenging job or situation)?

2. The second clipping remarks that a certain political candidate must put his house in order and pay *os pinduras*.

3. A columnist mentions a movie producer who is in Bahia making a film with *as vanjas* and without *os oricos*.

I would deem it a great favor if you could explain these to me.

James L. Taylor
Piedmont, California

Cacife can mean "ante," as in a poker game, or can be stretched to include "fund," but in this context means that the Biennial expenses "came out of another pocket"—they were met by the industrialist Francisco Matarazzo Sobrinho. Pinduras are either "creditors" or "personal effects in hock" (estar em pindura means "to be broke"), obviously the former in this case. As to vanjas and oricos, what the columnist meant is anyone's guess, since these are not slang terms proper but references to the actress Vanja Orico, daughter of Osvaldo Orico, a poet. It seems likely that he was suggesting that she could shine on her own, without benefit of her father's reputation. Congratulations on the dictionary!

SO THERE YOU ARE

Dear Sirs:

I'd like to add my two-cents worth to the running controversy about the term "American."

Who gave America its name in the first place? Amerigo Vespucci, a Latin. So, we Latins are really the ones who have the historic right to call ourselves Americans!

Pedro A. Noriega
Chowchilla, California

LETTERS ON TAPE

Dear Sirs:

In the April issue there was an inquiry about correspondence by means of magnetic tape. *AMERICAS* readers may be interested to know that there is a volunteer, non-profit organization called World Tape Pals, which is meeting with great success in spreading this fascinating activity throughout the world. There are approximately one thousand members in some fifty countries and possessions. It has a printed membership listing—indexed by countries—a quarterly bulletin, a sound effects library, and so on, for the members' use. The organization is well represented in Latin America, and there is a continual interchange of tapes between the U.S.A. and these countries. It is a cultural exchange that is of the highest value to the participants, as well as of great aid in the study of languages—both for the U.S. members interested in hearing these languages spoken in the way they are used in the various countries, and for the foreign members anxious to hear English spoken. Quite a number of the members are able to speak three, four, and five languages. The U.S. mem-

bership fee is nominal, and foreign membership is free. Tapes are inexpensive and are in small, light-weight, easily air-mailed packages. Two or three days after being mailed in the U.S.A., your correspondent in Punta Arenas, or Havana, or Viña del Mar hears your voice just as in a face-to-face conversation. A letter to Harry Matthews, organizer and Secretary of World Tape Pals, will bring you complete information. His address is P.O. Box 9211, Dallas, Texas.

Ray Micass
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

SWAP SNAPS

Dear Sirs:

I would like to exchange photographs (postal cards too), black-and-white glossy prints with sharp details, of diverse international subjects, especially the Pan American Highway.

Karl Seidenather
252 East Main Street
Middletown, Connecticut

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents are in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials in parentheses after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

Elena Horák (E, S)
3 de Febrero 1115
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Rina Carballo Asencio (E, S)
Callisto García 30
Palma Soriano, Oriente, Cuba

Luiz Antonio Capesante (E, S, P)*
Rua Sta. Ernestina No. 140
São Paulo, Brazil

Alicia Pineda T. (E, S, F)
Facultad de Agronomía
Palmira, Valle, Colombia

Mark Matlock (E, S)
Box 571
Sunland, California

Antonio Tormos Platero
(E, S, F, German)
c/Buysot No. 32
Benimamet
Valencia, Spain

Juan Abey (E, S)
129 West Concord Street
Boston 10, Massachusetts

G. Gómez de Estavillo (E, S, F)
7 Norte 1408
Puebla, Mexico

Pablo Kechichian (E, S, Turkish)
Rivadavia 6118
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Luiz Fernando Marcassa (S, P)*
Rua Marechal Floriano Peixoto 114
Curitiba, Paraná, Brazil

Flora Sambucety (E, S)
3 de Febrero 3161
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Alberto Ferreira (E, S, P, F)
Rua 32, No. 21
Goiânia, Goiás, Brazil

Salvador Doncel (E, S, F, Italian)
Av. Lib. Gral. San Martín 1407
San Juan, Argentina

Leda Lucen (S, P)
Rua Venâncio Aires 572
Apto. 2
Porto Alegre, Rio Grande do Sul,
Brazil

Enrique Soto Flores (E, S)
Reforma 12-605
Mexico 1, D.F., Mexico

Rodrigo Vázquez (E, S)
Mejía 1218
Quito, Ecuador

Nhora Bohórquez A. (E, S, F)
Facultad de Agronomía
Palmira, Valle, Colombia

Answers to Quiz on page 43

(1) Fort-de-France, Martinique—France. (2) Road Town, British Virgin Islands. (3) St. George's, Granada—Great Britain. (4) Scarborough, Tobago—Great Britain. (5) Bridgetown, Barbados—Great Britain. (6) Bottom, Saba—The Netherlands. (7) Paramaribo, Surinam—The Netherlands. (8) Cayenne, French Guiana. (9) Saint-Pierre, Saint-Pierre & Miquelon—France. (10) Hamilton, Bermuda—Great Britain. (11) Codrington, Barbuda—Great Britain. (12) Nassau, Bahamas—Great Britain. (13) Port-of-Spain, Trinidad—Great Britain. (14) Grand Turk, Turks & Caicos Islands—Great Britain.

CONTRIBUTORS



In the lead article suave, self-made ERIC JOHNSTON, President of the Motion Picture Association of America, underlines the responsibility of film-makers in turning out the "Mirrors of Society." Born in Washington, D.C., in 1896, Mr. Johnston has been everything from newsboy and longshoreman to President of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and an ambassador in the Near East promoting the Jordan River Valley development. For years he has directed the campaigns of the American Cancer Society, is director of several corporations, and is almost as well known abroad as at home for his activities in the fields of business, diplomacy, and public service.



When journalist CARLOS MARTÍNEZ-CABANA worked for the Ministry of Mines and Petroleum in his native Colombia, he made trips all over the country and visits to the Guajira Peninsula and its "Rugged Individualists." As a matter of fact, Mr. Martínez-Cabana was born and raised in the town of Santa Marta, which adjoins the Peninsula, where he edited a humor magazine and served as correspondent for Bogotá and Barranquilla dailies. Later he wrote about his travels for the well-known Bogotá magazines *Cromos*, of which he was an editor, and *Estampa*. Invited by the U.S. Government, he came to Washington a few years ago to study public administration. He now lives in Philadelphia, where he is working on a book about North American life and customs.



WILLIAM EASTLAKE is a writer who used to live in Paris and whose work has recently been introduced to the U.S. public by *Harper's*. Born in New York and raised in New Jersey, he lives today with his wife on a ranch near a town with the intriguing name of Cuba, New Mexico. Surrounded by a national forest and an Indian reservation, Mr. Eastlake is writing a novel called *Indian Country*, of which "The Chrome Covered Wagon" is a part. The idea for his story, he says, was inspired "by the uranium hunters in this area who are searching for buried value, when it's quite obvious that the values here are all visible and absolutely free." Illustrations are by the Chattanooga-born cartoonist-illustrator LEO HERSHFIELD, whose work is popular with the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Harper's*, *Redbook*, and *Popular Science*, among others.

HAZEL O'HARA's job as a health consultant brings her in contact with some fascinating people and many curious occupations throughout the Hemisphere. Employed by the Foreign Operations Administration, she is working at present with the Inter-American Cooperative Public Health Service (Servicio Cooperativo Interamericano de Salud Pública) in La Paz, Bolivia, where she uncovered the facts for "The Colonel's Huacos." A native of Carthage, New York, Miss O'Hara is a graduate of Syracuse University and also holds a degree from the University of San Marcos in Lima, Peru. A regular contributor to AMERICAS over the years, she has also written numerous pamphlets on rural health and turned out radio and film scripts on health education.



As one of the editors of the Rio newspaper *Diário de Notícias*, GEIR CAMPOS is in constant touch with such Brazilian government activities as he describes in "Publications: Ninth Floor." Born in 1924, Mr. Campos served in the Second World War as a merchant seaman and fondly recalls his familiarity with "the coasts not only of his own country but of other places, like the United States." Writing, translating, and journalism, however, consume all his time nowadays. He has published several books of poems including *Rosa dos Rumos* (Directions of the Compass) and translated into Portuguese some of the works of Rainer Maria Rilke, Jan Valtin, and Lin Yutang. He has also written a book of short stories called *O Vestibulo* (The Vestibule).

Ever since JORGE R. EGUIA first saw the San Roque Dam during a mountain-climbing vacation near his native Córdoba, Argentina, he has been fascinated with the benefits such structures provide for undeveloped areas. "Córdoba vs. Nature" is the fruit of his investigations of all the aspects of dams. In business with his father, Mr. Eguía also writes a weekly page, *Por el mundo de los negocios* (In the Business World), for the Córdoba daily *Comercio y Justicia*.

In the book section, the ten-volume *Historia de la Nación Cubana*, edited by Ramiro Guerra y Sánchez, José M. Pérez Cabrera, Juan J. Remos, and Emeterio S. Santovenia, is scrutinized by Cuban-born MANUEL PEDRO GONZÁLEZ, teacher of Spanish literature at the University of California at Los Angeles and student of Martí, the island republic's national hero. Anthropologist CLIFFORD EVANS, JR., associate curator in the Smithsonian Institution's division of archeology, reviews *Jungle Quest*, an account of an expedition through Mato Grosso, Brazil, by Edward Weyer, Jr. Earl Parker Hanson's *Transformation*, a study of modern Puerto Rico, is examined by JOSEFINA DE ROMÁN, a social-affairs officer in the UN Division of Information from Non-Self-Governing Territories.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.

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